

MARCH 10 — 16, 1979

Rs. 1.50

Eve's Weekly

COMPLIMENTARY COPY

MEN

LIAMENT
P?



THERE'S
A REASON
BEHIND
FEMALE
"BITCHINESS"

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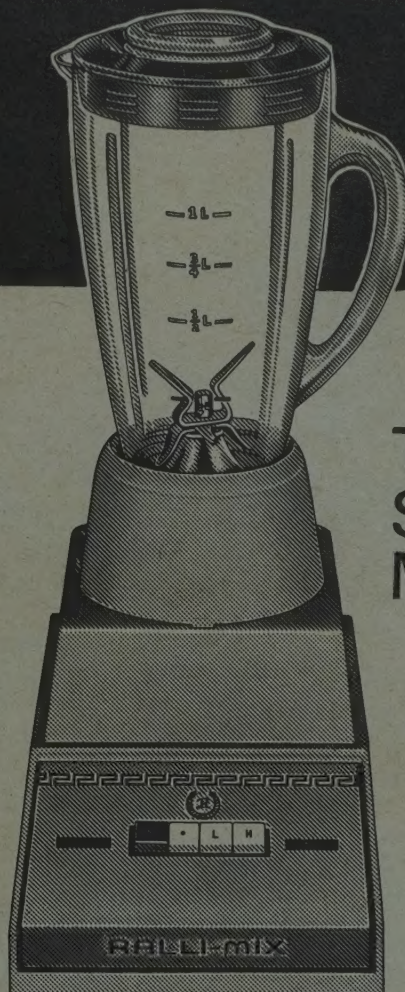
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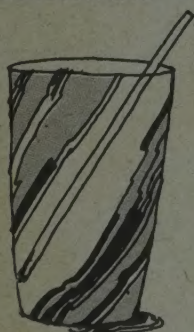


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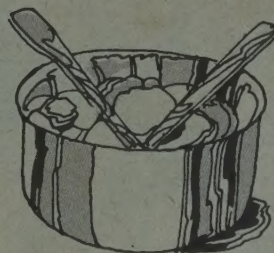
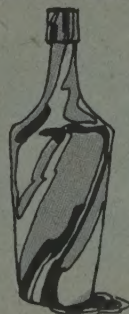
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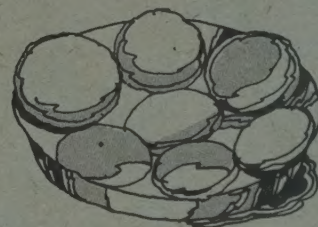
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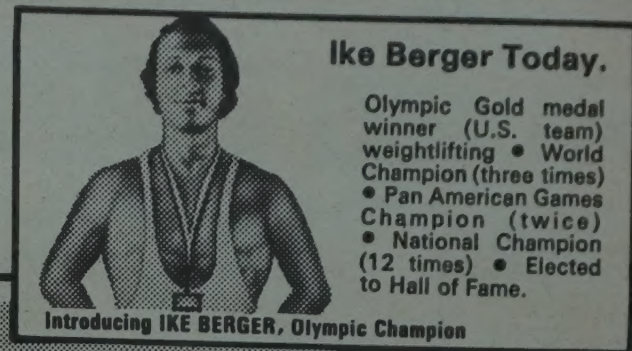
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EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT THE SYNOMETRIC CONCEPT

The exerciser of today! An Olympic Champion's Discovery!

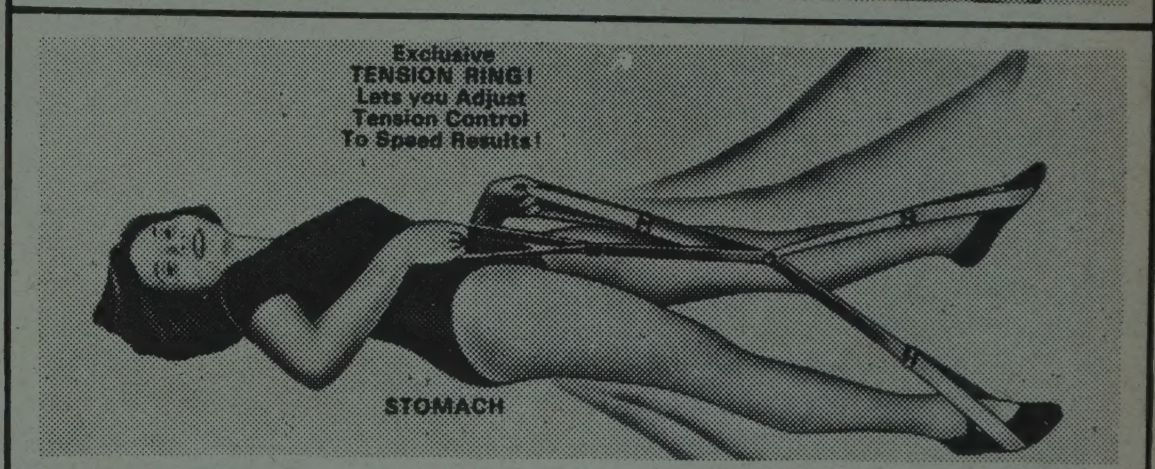
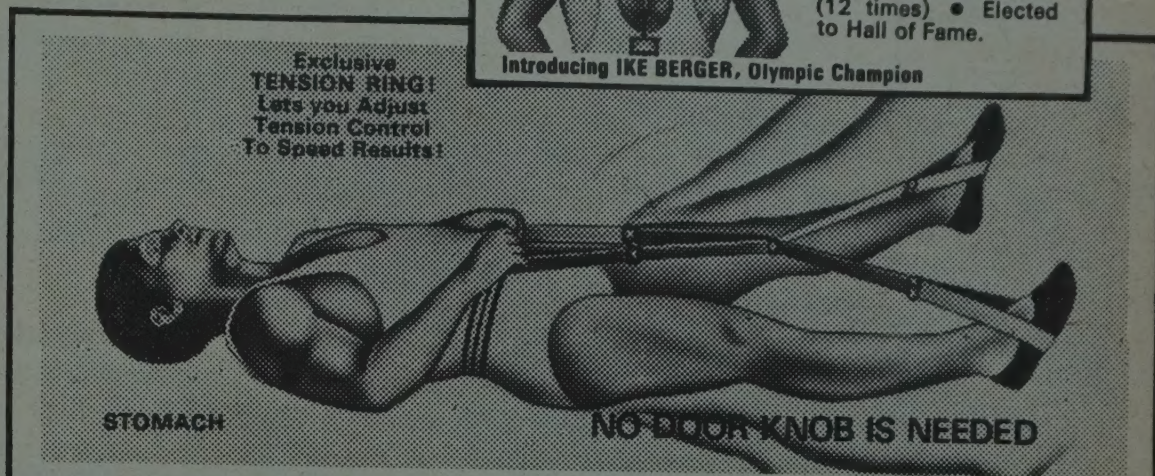
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The Science of SYNOMETRICS

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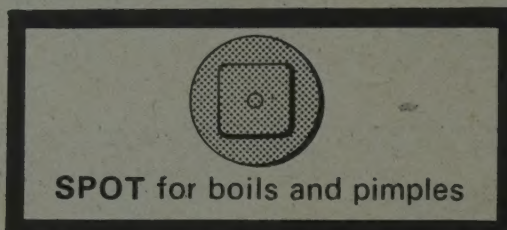
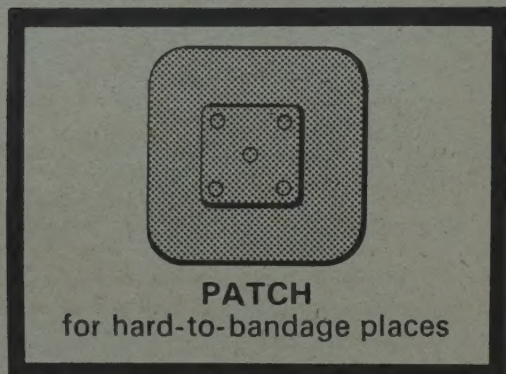


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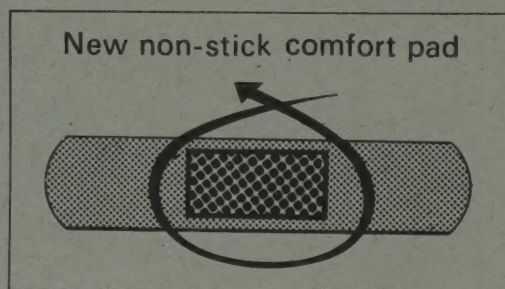
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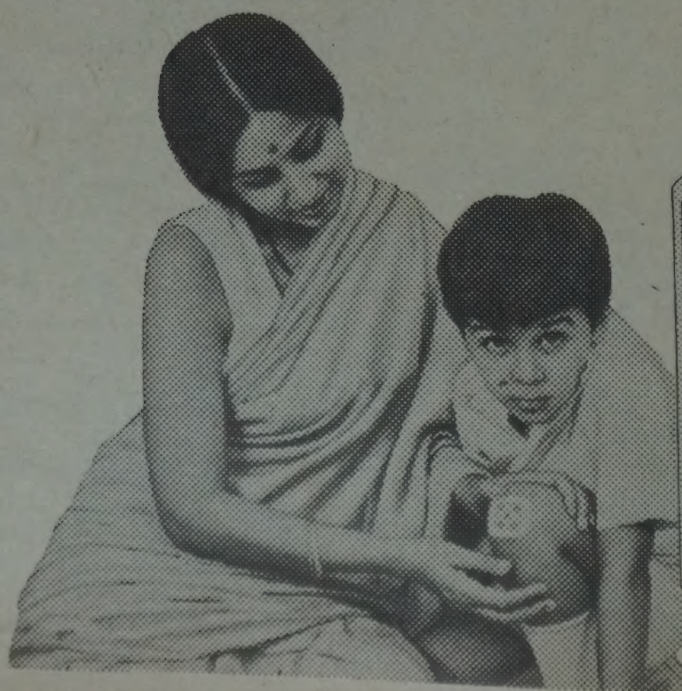
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SANDHYA

Nineteen years old. Born November 14, 1960, in Rae Bareilly. Schooled at the Delhi Convent and Hyderabad Convent. Developed her childhood interest of stage acting and dancing into a film career, with screen name 'Trishna'. Dancing, both Western and Indian, and light Indian classical music interest her.

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

THIS WEEK

MARCH 10 — MARCH 16, 1979

THE ANATOMY OF BITCHINESS

Bitchiness has traditionally been regarded as a female attribute. That men can be malicious as well is unquestionable. What are the underlying reasons for bitchiness? Could it be a manifestation of restrictions in everyday life? An analysis.
Page 12.



WOMEN PARLIAMENTARIANS

While there is no doubt that government has the great potential to be an agent of progressive social change, it remains that women's issues have little hope of being taken up by other than women. How much are our women M.P.'s doing?
Page 20.

INDIAN NURSES IN GERMANY

Interviews with Indian nurses in Germany to find out what they feel about their treatment there.
Page 41.

IS ABORTION NOW ACCEPTABLE?

A survey of the acceptability of abortion all over the world.
Page 57.

ALSO

Decoration Tip : Colourfully painted stones that can be useful as well as attractive — **Page 15** IYC Feature : Two stories for children — **Page 27** Eve Today : P. T. Saraswathi, Tamil Nadu minister — **Page 35** Mechanics : Know your home appliances — **Page 44** Film Interview : Rajesh Khanna — **Page 51** Woman in Focus : Raksha Mehta, graphic artist — **Page 53** The Language Controversy : Reports from Karnataka, Kerala and Tamil Nadu — **Page 55.**

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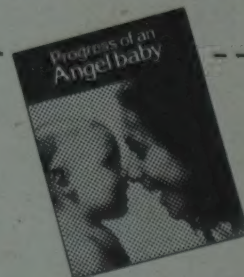
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YOUR PAGE

1st PRIZE

AGE DOES NOT WITHER. . .

Age has launched a new 'Age of Terror': you are either too young or too old — but, somehow, never the right age for any job. Millions of us live in bondage inflicted by our date of birth. We daren't risk job-hopping lest we hop beyond the age-limit. So we endure bad jobs, grow complacent, stale, pathetically old, endure anything rather than change jobs, for we may never get another equal to the one lost, for reasons of age. Individually, we fear age; collectively, we are afraid to fight it for fear of betraying the dread secret that we are victims of it. Yet age is just as pernicious for the young who suffer because of their youth and inexperience.

Concerted action should help us fight it: we could start by not being curious about other people's ages or secretive about our own. There must be legislation to unshackle us from this bondage, making it illegal to query one's date of birth. There should be no specifying age when advertising a job vacancy; applicants ought to be judged on other considerations such as training, aptitude and the like. There should be a ban on pensioning off the able (fit), though old, for retirement kills as surely as any deadly disease. But, best of all, we should grow old gracefully, realizing that it's natural and inevitable.

Age is a ferocious tyrant which must be tamed. We can no longer be passive victims of its injustices.

BERNIES TELLIS, Bombay.

We agree with you that there is a fetish about age. Old (or rather middle-aged) people are afraid to reveal their age, whether in their professional or personal dealings. Young people, with all that is going for them today, look upon "oldies" with contempt. We also agree that age is quite a personal business and there should be no compulsion for

its revelation on forms and statements except for important documents like the passport. The over-30 woman, however, is the worst sufferer — job-wise, play-wise, man-wise. . .

2nd PRIZE

TAKING TURNS

An item in the newspaper caught my eye: "The way to free women from their household drudgery is to liberate men from their "oppressive" 40-hour-week." This is the view of a group of radical social reformers in Norway who are experimenting with a new worksharing family plan in which parents with small children work part-time.

During a typical week, the wife would go off to work in the morning, while the father stayed home to mind house and children. Around lunch time, she was back home and it was father's turn to go out and make the living. Many women feel that they now have the best of both worlds working part-time at home and the rest of the time on the outside.

In today's society, when a woman takes up a job, she hasn't got a chance of competing with a man. When she gets home in the evening her work there is just beginning. So, if there is part-time for the parents, it will be of great help to them.

SUBHADRA RAMKUMAR, Ranipet.

A sensible arrangement, provided it receives the approval of the men! There we go again! If the men fight it, the women don't stand a chance. But, then, why should men fight it? They need liberation themselves, and they do not realise it, so terrified are they of all the things they've read about women.

3rd PRIZE

FOR ALL CHILDREN

If wishes were horses, everybody would ride. Yet, it is

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10
for the three best letters.

only human nature to wish and the child may, of course, wish through fantasies. I do not, however, think that fantasies should remain just colourful imaginations of a child, especially if a little effort and zeal can get our children what they want.

In the Year of the Child, I wish every woman a child to her heart's desire, always smiling, learning and growing to become great at her knees. I see in my mind's eye that no child is abandoned to seek the food around the municipal dustbins or starve to death. Let no child be deprived of parental love, affection and care. No child shall remain without two morsels of bread. Let every child be assured of clothes to wear, a school to learn in, a place to live with dignity and honour, a job to work.

Let us stop the rallies, seminars, speeches, 'calls' and crocodile tears; let's get down to work and produce men and women with child-like innocence, simplicity, curiosity and smiling faces.

This is just what I wish in the Year of the Child. No, I am not dreaming but it remains to be seen if my thoughts will come true.

MRS. RATHNA MURTHY, Bangalore.

May your thoughts or dreams or whatever, indeed come true. A utopia we can achieve for our children, no matter how long it takes, and what the sacrifice.

WOMAN'S LEGACY

The daily newspapers recently sported a headline. "Bangles and ribbon for Mayor"; reading down the column I found that the Mayor of Delhi had been presented with the above-mentioned articles by a "rebellious" Councillor for "doing nothing". It really put my back up. Is it necessary for the male chauvinist to assert his superiority (if there is any), by demeaning women? What struck me as ironic was that a rebel-councillor, who should be really moving with the times, is still living in the past, when bangles and rib-

bons signified woman's helplessness and servitude. Woman, today, has broken these fragile shackles and has proved her effectiveness in every field, even in politics, administration, science and technology, which are male-oriented domains. I feel it's time our public men, at least, gave up using such anachronistic symbolism and accepted that woman is in no way inferior.

SAUDINE, Udaipur

Let's not get "het up" over small matters. Centuries of a particular way of life, of believing in certain "norms" are not going to be wiped out in a day. Bangles and ribbons have been associated with women over the years — and these were almost always house-bound women. The label has stuck and our own deeds and performances will get it un-stuck. There is no need to raise a hue and cry about it, when more important issues await. . .

JUST ONE CHANCE

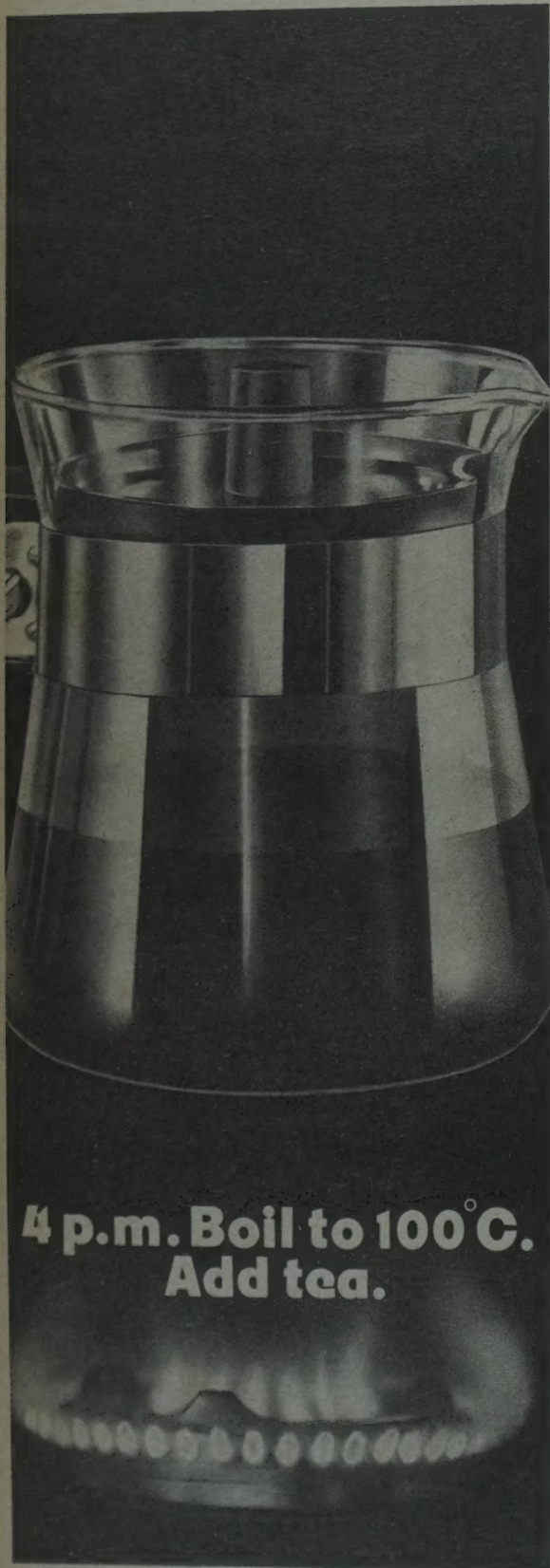
I had been in the United States just one month and was short of money, when I accidentally drove straight through a halt sign and was caught by a policeman. I handed him my foreign licence, pleading for just one chance, since my scholarship provided barely enough.

Sternly he replied, "If you commit a traffic offence you must pay for it." Then he added gently, "You're almost my son's age. He was killed last month in a car accident overseas. I wouldn't like that to happen to you." He handed me the folded summons and said, "You have your one chance. You're alive." When I reached my room I saw that folded inside the summons was ten dollars for the fine.

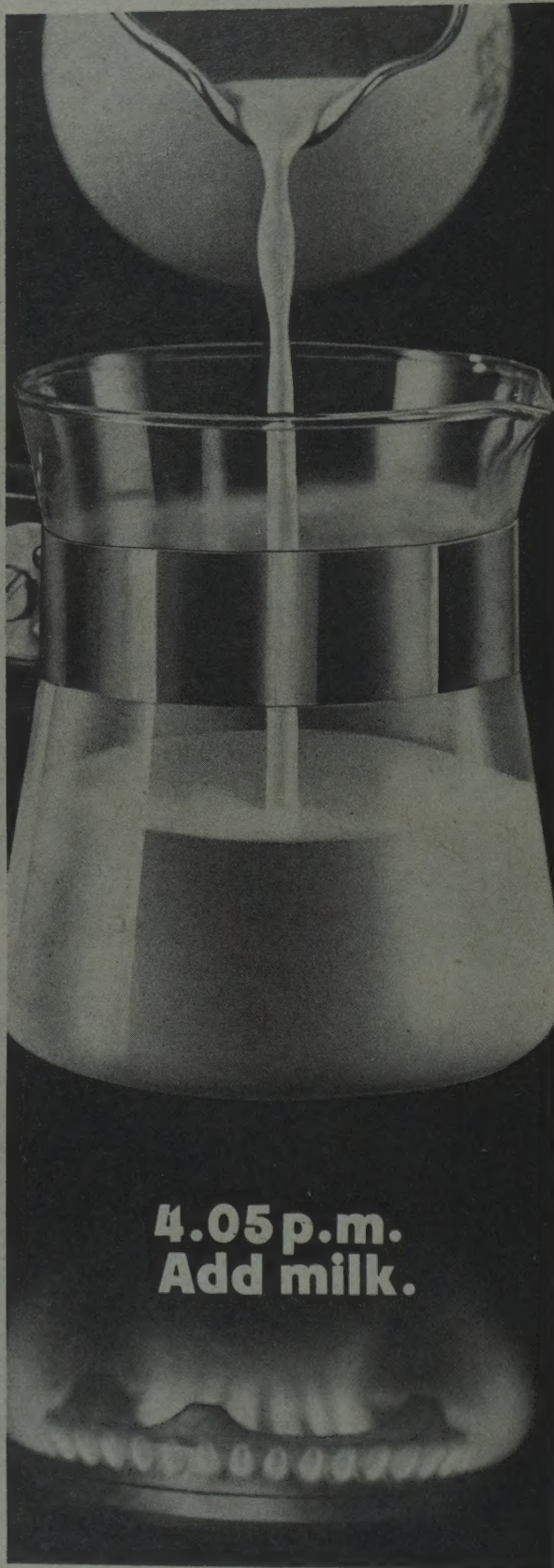
RAJ KAMAL, Bhagalpur.

A beautiful gesture by a bereaved father and a humane policeman. We hope you learned something from his advice. So many young people take life and living for granted — not that we blame them for such an attitude. . .

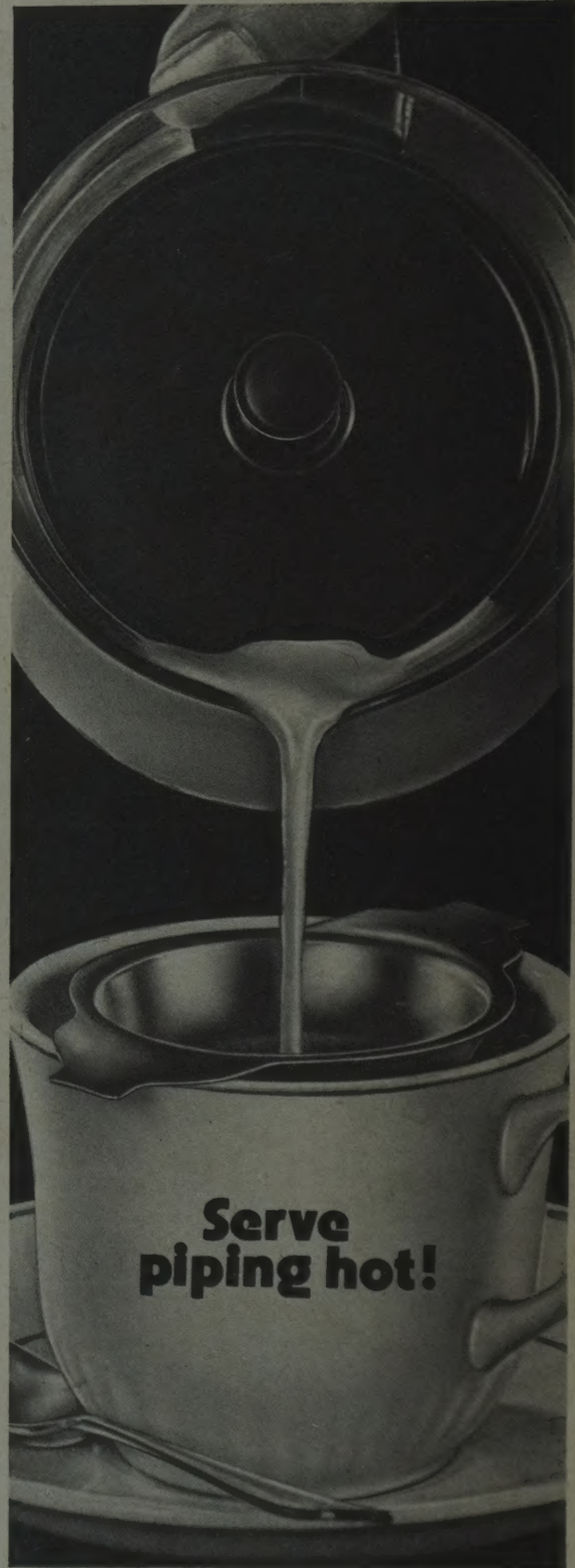
THE CORNING CARAFE



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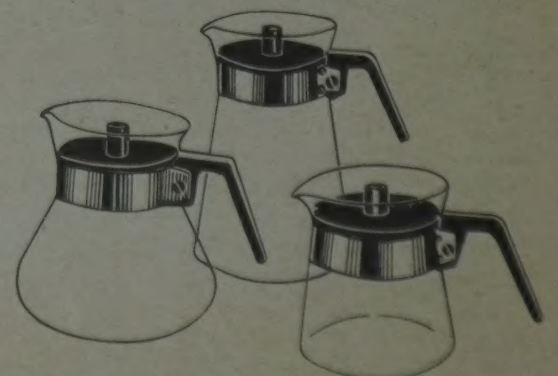
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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF MARCH 17, 1979

OPEN CLASSROOM

In your otherwise generous coverage of the Sophia Open Classroom (Feb. 17), there are a few factual errors and certain impressions that I would like to clarify.

Your reporter found in the course of her interviews with students that the course titles were obscure — for instance, Literature of Crisis, and Twentieth Century Mind — and that "people put their own constructions on the titles and were disappointed when they found they were not getting what they expected".

First of all, no student enrolls on the strength of his understanding, or lack of it, of only the title of the course. We hand out printed outlines giving details of each course, which every prospective student studies before he makes his choice. It is possible that expectations may still remain unrealized, but clearly it is not the fault of the titles or the information supplied.

The Film Form and Function course, which is singled out for a damaging comment, is a thorough and rigorous course taught by a professional with excellent credentials. My feeling is that the drop-out factor here is related to the fact that the course is not easy and glamorous, but intensive and demanding.

It is as unrepresentative to quote one disappointed student as it would be to quote the woman who marched into the office and announced: "I've been waiting all my life for something like this". These are two extremes which do not give the general picture. It might be fairer to note the number of students who have signed up for other courses after joining just one.

SALEEM PEERADINA, Director, Open Classroom, Bombay.

DETAILS WANTED

In the *Eve's Weekly* dated February 2, 1979, there was a feature called "A Touch of Originality", in which were shown two lovely, unique rugs. These rugs were, it is said, created with chindies (small bits of cloth) put together and hand-knotted. It is a pity that details of this were not given. It would be really appreciated if *Eve's Weekly* would make a regular feature of giving detailed instructions for crafts that use ordinary materials — for example, making patch-work quilts etc.

IRENE ANTAO, Bombay.

SEXIST TEXT BOOKS

Though Dr. Narendra Nath Kalia's conclusion (January 27) from the study of the text books prescribed in India for highly impressionable young minds—that women have been subtly projected in these books as second rate citizens—makes thought-provoking reading, the coverage was too cursory for so important a subject. *Eve's Weekly* would be doing a great service to the cause of women if it elaborates on this theme.

KULDIP SAINI, Lucknow.

MORE OF HIS TRIBE

With half my life behind me, I had come to the firm conclusion that no man loves a woman as a person but only as the mother of his child. After reading, Anna Wilson's story, "I was a Woman from the Lost World", (January 20 onwards) I asked myself whether I was wrong in this generalization of men or is Mike the lone swallow which doesn't make Spring? Or are there really more of his tribe? I was touched when Mike says, "Shukutu is wife, my life, my love. Her happiness my sole ambition." How many are there who would utter such beautiful thoughts? I'd say to myself, what a wonderful world, if there were more Mikes around. But thank you God for even this one Mike.

SUKHMOHINDER KAUR, Chandigarh

MOODS OF INDIAN WOMEN

Artist B. Prabha recently held an exhibition "Moods of Indian Women". What, one wonders, are these moods? Does Prabha stick to the traditional, time-worn themes or is it an attempt to capture reality as it exists for women today?

THE RIGHT NOT TO BE BORN

In the International Year of the Child, India should think seriously about the ultimate right of a child not to be born if its other rights will not be fulfilled, as they most often are not.

A BED-CUM-TABLE

An unusual combination? It's an interesting idea in space-saving furniture.

EXORCISM

Three medical students actually witnessed a case of exorcism which ended in a tragedy. A report of their experience.

A BITCH IS NOT

Suchita Mazumdar

The very word "bitchy" presupposes the femaleness of the phenomenon. Though the obvious truth is that bitchiness cuts across all barriers of sex, age, caste, creed, community and race, women have nevertheless been traditionally branded as bitchy. And they have themselves come to regard bitching as a feminine evil, one that men would never stoop to. False as this assumption is, let us take it to be true, and probe into the possible reasons behind female bitchiness.

Being bitchy is to act malicious and it would be unfair were we to deny men their capacity for malice as if they are mentally retarded beings. They are not, and men are as capable as women in any field of emotion, thinking, action.

A few days ago, during a lengthy debate at a study class, I unfortunately opened my mouth. It was a serious discussion on ways to improve journalistic writing and I had been earnestly speaking for nearly fifteen minutes when my eyes fell on a man in the group. Thin faced, he seemed to be trying hard to keep his lips from pursing up with contempt. Then all at once he pulled himself together with an effort, sorted out his face, then smiled at me. "You need to use close-up toothpaste?" he said.

Later, I learned that he was the acknowledged leader of the group and my talking so long, loud and sceptically had not, to put it mildly, found favour with him. Naturally, he was put out. But where most people would have stayed silent, he had refined simple imitation into bitchiness. Who am I to refuse to grant him his achievement just because he is a man? But he was very hard to please. He insisted that it had not been bitchiness; his emotion had been the more noble — annoyance!

Women are better able to call a spade a spade. Unfairly, in a woman's case a man too will call it a spade or maybe even an earth-mover machine, though in his own it will be only a spoon, a teaspoon at that. This moreover will generally be accepted as the truth. That could be because, as a whole, men are more educated than women and therefore more aggressively articulate.

RESTRICTED CURIOSITY

The education of a woman is somewhat different from that given to a man. From infancy she is taught to think of herself as a China doll if she can afford the leisure, or as a slave if she cannot. The house is "her domain". Inquisitiveness about the society of which she is a part is frowned upon as being "too forward" and such interests roughly stamped down. She is forced to restrict her curiosity to family matters, friends, household affairs; if em-

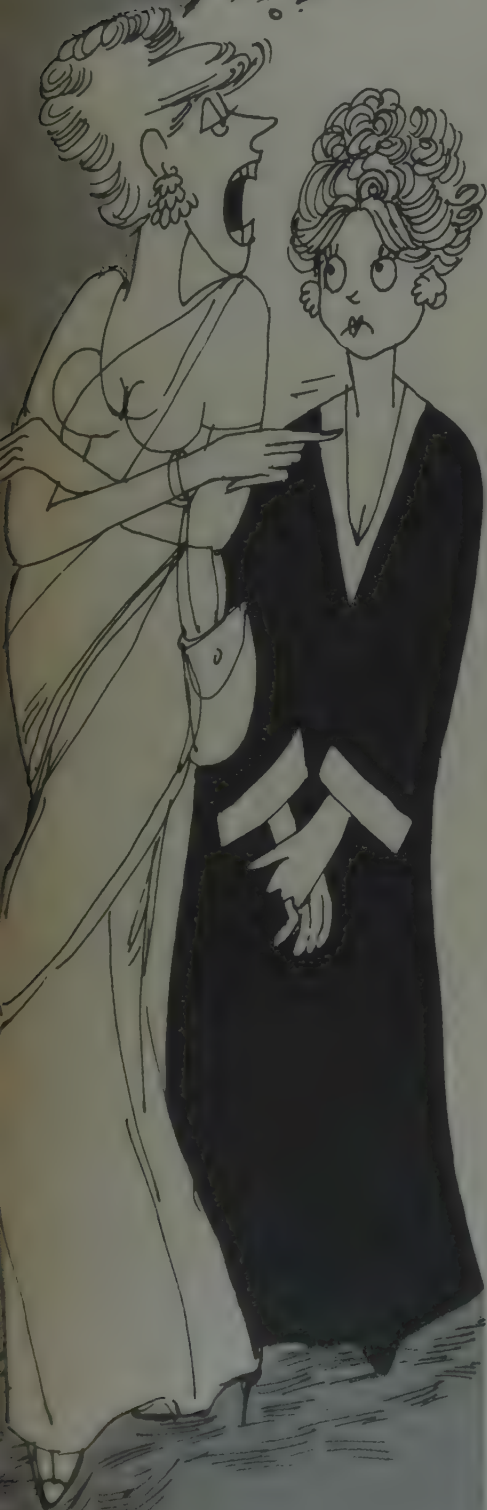
ployed, the immediate interests and involvements of the job; and the more frivolous means of social life such as entertainment. But not, emphatically not, social consciousness except about charitable works; not politics, except for gossip. There are of course exceptional cases. Today more and more women are questioning these limits, and many breaking them as well.

But the majority are still inside the walls. "Even of matters within the walls surely they can think in a more broadminded way. Why are women so petty?" questioned one man.

LACK OF CONFIDENCE

I should have asked him why, even with his limited education, he failed to understand in more broadminded way the problems these women have.

Maya was a friend of mine in school and in college. She had been brought up very strictly, refused outings without a chaperone even with girl friends until she was out of school. Once in college, she could go out with other girls to films, picnics, a friend's house and such only, and then if she returned by six in the evening latest. And she was forbidden to join any club, any union, even the National Cadets Corps. She was a fat laughing girl in school. By the time we graduated from college she was a barrel of gossip, vicious and otherwise, acid comments, frank and sly, and people began to call her mean-minded.



ALWAYS A SHE

She was kept hard at housework when at home or dragged off to visit neighbours, relatives, with her mother, so that she found little time to read. So all the observations upon which her imagination could roam could be only those of this narrow little world.

Books could open the outside world for women, yield varied ideas, provide relief for dreams and interests forced to dry up. But how many of the women who can read have time to read, how many have such interesting books made available to them (and not Mills & Boon publications or Gulshan Nanda illusions)?

The lack of confidence that must arise from this, together with all the slavish family duties that are her lot and her modest social activity, combine to make the restriction of her life as near total as possible. The frustrations she feels cannot be expressed. If she articulates her anger she is cursed or beaten. If possible, economically and culturally she can escape by turning to religion, books, music, etc. If not, she can refine her anger to bitchiness. Thus if women are bitchy, they have reason for it.

CHARGE OF NAGGING

On the other hand, not only do men have all the opportunities to participate in social activities, even some of their personal actions are given greater social significance than would be in the case of a woman.

An illustration of this occurred some months ago

when a woman in the office where I was then working complained about the inefficient and irresponsible working methods of her colleague. The attitude of most people in the office was that she was a nagger. Sometime later another office in the organization had occasion to complain against the unreliability of this same colleague. The complaint then was no longer "nagging" — it became a serious and at least partially justified allegation!

EXPRESSING FRUSTRATION

Men often deride others, and not rarely it is done in the most personal and mean-minded manner, especially over promotions in an office. But that is taken to be a part of the natural competitiveness that every ambitious man is supposed to have. After all, a man is an earner, the supporter of the family, so isn't he more responsible? Even this competitiveness only shows how responsible he is! Even if a woman is earning to support her family and were to give expression to "competitiveness" in her career in the same manner as, say, the man who spread stories of his colleague's relations with various women in order that their senior officer, a Brahmin moralist, may not favourably consider the latter's chances for promotion, would it still be called "competitiveness"? And moreover, be at least somewhat sympathetically "understood"?

We live in a world where, generally, men are the social and political leaders. Our culture is largely man-

oriented and (naturally) man-originated. So woman is maligned, ridiculed and leered at. Even in similar actions in similar contexts a man is not criticized, but a woman may have her nose cut off. Far from being criticized, Krishna is idolized for his schemings to kill Karna, Dronacharya in order that the sons of Pandu may come to power. But Mandhari and Kaikeyi are vilified and portrayed almost as witches for scheming to banish Ram and bring Bharat to the throne.

Both men and women can be and are bitchy. It is largely an individual trait. Not all suppressed women are bitchy, nor all ambitious men. By and large, however, the more self-centred a person the more bitchy he or she can be. Frustrations or dislike can and are expressed openly, if need be violently, if the annoyed, hurt person needs to boost his self-confidence. If that confidence becomes overweening and unjustified pride, no surroundings can feed it enough, and so the person will have to deride others deliberately to force upon their attention his greatness.

Bitchiness, then, is a universal trait. It is not restricted to any class or sex. A fisherwoman can be as bitchy as an ad executive. The difference is only in the way of expressing the bitchiness. It is after all an outlet for frustration, jealousy, in short repression of any kind.

So, when men say that women are bitchy, they are just being bitchy.





Rasna. You just can't stop at one... and you don't have to!

Each clever little pack of Rasna (made in a fully automatic plant) makes 2 whole bottles of syrup... enough for 32 generous glasses! Have Rasna with water or fizz it up with soda. Gulp, gulp...delicious!



So easy to make:

Just mix Rasna with water and add sugar. 10 exciting flavours to choose from.

Also available in bulk packs that make 125 drinks each.

Rasna
soft drink concentrate

the one drink you can be generous with



Her aesthetic flair has found expression in a variety of lovely items she has created to beautify her room. She has given Bharata Natyam recitals. She has won prizes in painting competitions and public speaking. She is talented Lakshmi Shankar, a college-going teenager, from Bombay.

Well-versed in handicrafts, Lakshmi has the knack of converting the most commonplace material into objects of beauty and utility. The items featured here are created from ordinary stones in different shapes and sizes. They are sand-papered to give them a smooth surface and painted in water colours in fanciful designs, then given a coat of varnish. They can be painted in oil colours too.

Ideal to brighten up drab corners of a room/garden; they make colourful paper weights as well.

C.J.

STONES FOR DECOR!



This transparent circle of glass with a hole in the centre for a single flower. Every day I've looked at this vase and put a flower in it as a matter of course. Why is it that just today I have this choking feeling as I look up at it?

I just glanced up from my typewriter to rest my eyes for a moment and saw the vase. This vase that I had placed so happily on my table five years ago. A gift from the gang — a group of college friends just starting out on our various careers. Two years ago I had placed it just as happily on this same table, along with my typewriter and handcrafted magnetic pin dispenser-cum-pencil holder.

Why do I feel this stinging sensation behind my eyelids? Five years ago, it lay on another similarly cluttered table. A much smaller table with books and papers spilling all over. I had just started on my first job — lecturer in English on Medieval English Poets.

I had waited for a job like this through a period of such mental anguish. A period in which I had to convince my parents and my own self that I was serious, that I was not just marking time playing with a job while I waited to get married. Not just waiting until Arun completed his training, until he returned to get married! I had wanted to establish a separate identity for myself, not just move on from being Rattan's daughter to Arun's wife. I had wanted to wait until Arun returned before we decided whether we were suited or not. We had known each since we were kids but people mature in different ways.

That had been a bad patch. Arun was leaving for his training course and our parents wanted us to be married before he left. After a lot of soul searching, Arun and I decided against the idea. We would write only when we felt like writing but not more than once a week. After all we had spent all our holidays together since we were in the eighth class. We had corresponded intermittently complaining about schools, teachers and homework. But that did not mean that we were going to be hustled into marriage before Arun had even completed his training. I had to convince myself that I was doing the right thing with Arun and my job. Not taking the first job I was offered, but waiting for a good one. That I was not mad as my aunts and cousins said, that I should snap him up otherwise someone else would hook him. God how sick that made me!

THE GLASS CIRCLE

Shubha Singh

Arun and I were free to meet other people, I wanted no restriction, that would not have been fair on either of us.

Then I got this job, on probation for six months. I shared a large, airy room with three male lecturers and one female. It was a happy room. My first day had been a festive one. My little sister had brought a single long-stemmed blueblack rose to place in my new vase. At lunch the other lecturers took me out for lunch even though it was only a masala-dosa-and-coffee lunch.

I did not feel like cashing my first cheque, it seemed too precious. But the temptation to hold the actual cash in my hands was too much. I went absolutely crazy buying gifts for everyone. It was a very happy and satisfying time. The others always complained about the large classes but I was too young and new to let that affect me. I was a new person, with a new personality. I was respected, no longer a lowly college kid to be seen but not heard. My opinions were listened to in the family even though they were not always followed.

Six months passed so quickly and I was confirmed in my position. My parents were convinced. Their middle-class desire for security was fulfilled. I was a Permanent Employee. I had money to spend on my books and fresh flowers for my table. The first year was so hectic, every moment so full. I enjoyed the lectures thoroughly and the only evenings I stayed home was when I had to prepare lectures or mark papers. The second year was easier, I had learnt the ropes. It was more worthwhile attending to those who wanted to learn or were interested. It was too great an effort to try and interest those who did not care. My efforts were directed to those who cared or who tried even a little bit. These were satisfying, and the small keen core were stimulating.

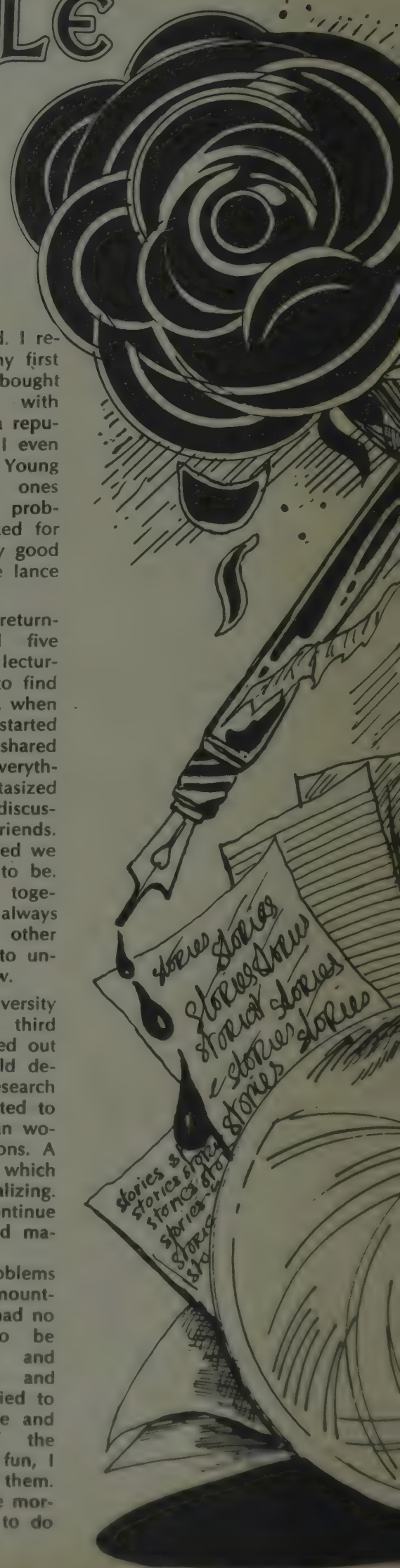
Now I found time to write. I had always written poetry and even had some published in some children's magazines. I started focusing on serious arti-

cles, thoroughly researched. I remember the day I sold my first piece. I was so thrilled. I bought the handcrafted desk set with the money. I was getting a reputation as a good writer. I even started getting fan mail. Young girls and not so young ones wrote about their views, problems and sometimes asked for advice. I was making fairly good money as a part-time free lance writer.

Around that time Arun returned. And we were married five months later. I continued lecturing but found it difficult to find time to write at first. Later, when I was more organized I started writing again. Arun and I shared the housework equally. Everything was just as I had fantasized at college during the hot discussion sessions with my friends. Just the way we had decided we would like our marriages to be. All responsibilities shared together. Arun and I had always been very close to each other and he would always try to understand my point of view.

I resigned from the university staff after completing my third year. Arun was being posted out of town. I decided I would devote myself to full-time research and writing a book. I wanted to write on the modern Indian woman and her contradictions. A very ambitious project which might take years materializing. In between, I would continue writing for newspapers and magazines.

At first I had some problems but they were not insurmountable. It was a new city, I had no friends, but people tried to be friendly. Arun's colleagues and their wives came around and took us out. The ladies tried to interest me in their coffee and cards sessions. Some of the younger wives were good fun, I started seeing a lot of them. They would drop by in the mornings for a chat so I had to do



most of my writing in the afternoons. I have always found it easier to write in the mornings or late at night. I couldn't work at night for that disturbed Arun, mornings the girls came and in the afternoon I felt like reading and couldn't write two consecutive sentences. It was difficult trying to explain to the women that I was trying to work — to them I was at home in the mornings doing nothing. Finally, I had to put a lock on the front door, shut all the windows and work inside, hoping the women would think I had gone out. After sometime they got the message. They thought I was eccentric and summed it up by saying — "She's a writer." At least, that gave me time to myself and I did like those women. I had no reason to knock those women just because they were deeply imprisoned by their circumstances.

I wondered how most of the younger women would cope with their lives. They were intelligent and aware people with too much time and energy on their hands. Most of them had married just after graduating, their lives had always been so full with schools and colleges. In this new industrial township they did not have the usual newlyweds' problems with mothers-in-law and extended families. Most of them would come and talk about this vague dissatisfaction with life, with married life in particular. I had dug out my dog-eared battered copy of Betty Friedan's "The Feminine Mystique" and passed it around. But what good would books like that do? — these young women were already committed to their way of life. Finally, most of them worked a way out with advice from the older women and from visiting

mothers — they all got pregnant. With the advent of nappies and feeding formulas everything else went out of the window.

Around that time Arun and I started having financial problems. When I was working we had lots of money, enough for our needs and we spent without a thought for anything else. Ten per cent from each salary we saved in separate saving accounts every month and the rest went direct to a joint account which we drew on for our expenses. When I resigned from my job our income was reduced drastically but then I started writing more regularly which brought in some money. We managed at this stage but I was planning this book. It took more and more of my time. Finally, I

SHE WAS A WRITER WITH A GROWING REPUTATION, BUT CAUGHT UP IN HOME WORRIES. SHE TOOK TO WRITING PULPY ROMANCE

decided I'd concentrate on it full time. I stopped writing for magazines and spent most of my time in the library and archives researching and collecting material. For some time we managed our expenses, cut down on some things, were more careful with our money. Arun hated it at first; he had never had to go without things he wanted.

Being her favourite son, Arun's mother always sent him some extra money without his father's knowledge. Whenever he went to the village all his relatives would give him money. When he was at school and college his father gave him a fixed amount which should have been sufficient for him but these little extras always gave him ready money to spend. For more than a year after we were married we had enjoyed life with no money worries. After some time Arun got used to it, all our friends lived in the same style as we did. Arun is sensible and then I myself had grown up amongst a large family where one always had to share toys and other things. Pocket money had to be looked after with care to last till the end of the month.

As I had given up writing we had to rely on Arun's salary. We are both strong-willed and we had always quarrelled and argu-

ed, but now the fights became more intense and serious. We had a bitter fight the day I found that Arun was withdrawing money from our joint account to send to his father. I lost my temper and shouted and screamed like a shrew. I felt I had sufficient reason to do so. I was scrimping and saving on a miserable amount of money so that we'd still maintain a car, and the club expenses and his drinks and cigarettes and a hundred other things besides.

I was doing all the housework, because now I stayed at home during the day and it was more convenient. I did without any help in the house and tried to find time to write. But now as my work was not bringing monetary returns it was not considered important. And now on top of all this he had the nerve to send money to his father who did not even need it!

Arun's father had a farm which gave him a good income. He had educated his children even if he had to take loans for that and now the loans had been paid. This money Arun sent him, his father used to travel around visiting his children in all corners of the country and coming up to town every second or third week for a holiday. Arun was sending money regularly every month and for the last two years his father had not spent more than one month at a time at his farm. He was always travelling. Everyone needs a holiday at least once a year and I would never grudge Arun's father the money if he needed it. He had visited us five times already. None of his other children sent him any money! Why should Arun send him money when we needed it so much more and that too take it from our joint account? My father had retired, and lived on a pension. He found it difficult to manage and I used to send some money and gifts to my mother when I was earning. But I had stopped that when we did not have enough. Arun was still spending on his cigarettes and books and expected me to save the money he sent to his father.

It was a good thing we fought. It brought a lot of pent up feelings into the open. When the angry emotions subsided we managed to talk to each other rationally. Arun had not really agreed with me but when he saw how disturbed I was he gave in. We decided that we would tell each before we sent any money to our parents.

But there were some things said at that time which were

very difficult to forget. Arun had said that it was his money and he would spend it as he wished. That was said in the heat of a quarrel but it rankled within me. Only money or tangible results makes work important. I realized that even a very small income makes work respectable. We could manage our household expenses on Arun's salary, but for the little extras we both wanted I started writing short articles again.

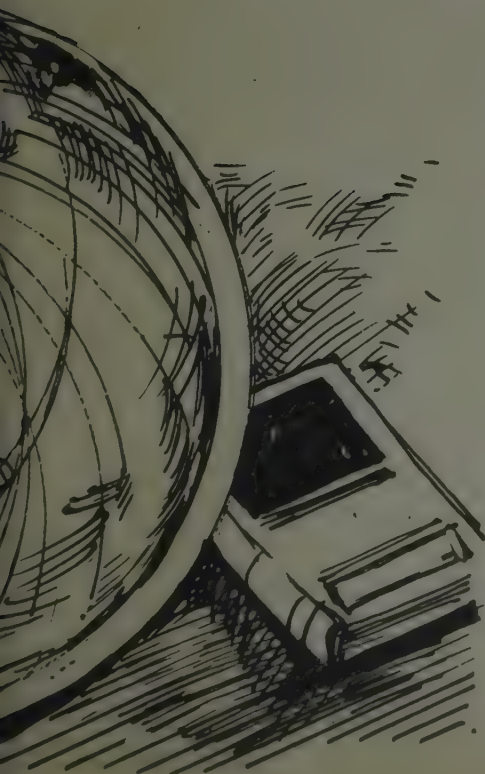
At first only one or two a month. Later, they became many more. First it was Arun's birthday, then I wanted to subscribe to some more magazines, a new overcoat for Arun, my sister's new baby, a second-hand portable typewriter for myself. The needs increased. It took too much time to write feature articles, too much effort to get information and to research it. It was much easier to write stories, short romantic stories. They were easier to write, just a couple of thousand words for a ready market. And I wrote more and more.

Nowadays that's all I seem to be doing. It is like a drug. I have a serialized story in two weekly magazines. I don't have time for my book, I can't concentrate on it. My mind does not function, it is too tiring — so much easier to write a quick pulpy romance. Whenever I sit at the typewriter I start on a little romance, the type I stopped reading at school. It brings in a lot of money! I am a fairly successful short story writer.

Why do I feel that the walls are closing in around me? I am sitting here in this spacious sunny room. I feel this tightening feeling around my forehead and temples. It's just a headache, I ought to be down for a little while. I move to remove the sheet of paper from the typewriter. The typewritten words begin to blur but I can still read them —

"...he clasped her in his strong arms and she felt so safe, so secure with her head on his broad shoulders. He looked deep into her dark, fathomless eyes and he..."

I can't see the words any more. My body is racked by dry painful sobs but my eyes are dry, itching, no tears come from them. My head feels as though it is going to burst. Suddenly I feel a completely, detached, separate person. I feel I am standing in a corner of a large sunny room looking on at a woman sobbing over a typewriter clutching a flower vase in her hand. . .



PENCILS AND PADS

TIPS AND TOES



If you're the efficient, have-no-jobs-for-morrow working girl, we'd recommend our long-wear, no-chip, no-peel Nail Lustre. Our 'hard-at-work' shade suggestions are: *Chocolate Frost, Ice Crush, Dusky Pink, Coffee Cloud, Bitter Chocolate and Cool Chocolate.*

For your times off we have 18 other exciting shades. In pearl and plain. Also available: Lanolin-enriched Tips and Toes Nail Lustre remover. On view at all leading stores.

Make-up for nails

TIPS
AND
TOES

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

Women choosing politics as their profession and career are few in India. Miss P. T. Saraswathi, Minister for Social Welfare, Tamil Nadu, always wanted to become a full-time politician. She nurtured this ambition since her youth. However, she resolved to enter politics only after getting stabilised in some occupation, which she did in 1966.

After her schooling at Tirunelveli and Madurai, she did her B.A. (Hons.) from Madras Christian College and law from Madras Law college. "My mother, a medico herself, wanted me to be either a doctor or a lawyer. I chose to become a lawyer," she said.

She joined the Congress party in 1966 and was appointed convener of the women's wing of the Youth Congress. She was also a member of the National Lawyers' Forum then. After the Congress split she joined the Congress (I).

She joined the Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam (DMK) on October 8, 1972. However, four days later she quit that party following the ouster of the then treasurer of the DMK and the present Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu, Mr. M. G. Ramachandran. She joined the ADMK when it was formed and has been with it since then.

In ADMK (later AIADMK) she was first appointed convener of the women's wing and later party secretary. She was elected to the State Assembly from the Thirumangalam constituency in Madurai district.

What can Miss Saraswathi mention as her important personal achievement after becoming Minister?

In Vyasarpadi, on the outskirts of Madras city, 3,132 families of Burmese refugees had been settled in make-shift shelters since 1964 and were demanding pucca houses. On the fifth day of assuming office Miss Saraswathi wrote to the Union Minister, Mr. Sikander Bakht, urging him to take immediate steps to construct houses for the repatriates.

In March 1978, she persuaded Mr. Bakht to see the project. Subsequently, the plan was cleared and 3,132 houses costing Rs. 1.77 crores were built to accommodate the refugees.

As a woman and also as a minis-

ter for social welfare, she is sorry to note that most of the women in Tamil Nadu are whiling away their time in homes. Because of this, she feels, many of them continue to remain poor and backward. Recently, the

P. T. SARASWATHI

GUIDING TAMIL NADU'S SOCIAL WELFARE



Tamil Nadu's Minister for Social Welfare, Animal Husbandry & Rehabilitation of Repatriates.

Chief Minister sanctioned a Rs. 25-lakh scheme to help rural women to start cottage industries, producing matches, chalk pieces, envelopes, candles, clips, mats, dolls, etc. A centre has been established at Thirumangalam. Under this scheme, rural women will be trained for three months in a chosen field and given a stipend of Rs. 3 per day. Procurement of raw materials, marketing of the finished products, etc., would be done by the social welfare department.

In animal husbandry too she has done commendable work. With a gift of 52 Australian Jersey cows, a farm was started at Eachenkottai near Tanjore. Miss Saraswathi has given specific instructions to rear exotic bovine varieties in places most suited to them. Thus in Ooty they are breeding the Holstein variety, and in Hosur the Sindhi-Jersey cross-breeds. Bank loans are given for the purchase of milch cattle. There is also a scheme to encourage housewives to set up backyard poultry and kitchen gardens. The department has its own poultry-cum-cattle medicine manufacturing unit in Ranipet near Madras. Their rabies vaccine, recently introduced, has proved very efficacious and is being exported to neighbouring states in large quantities. The manufacture of the foot and mouth vaccine for cattle, also at Ranipet, is in full swing. The sheep pox vaccine is also becoming popular. The poultry feed manufactured by the Tamil Nadu Poultry Corporation (TAPCO) has been given the ISI mark.

What does Miss Saraswathi plan to implement in the near future?

In the International Year of the Child, her ministry proposes to supply prosthetic aids to all handicapped children, apart from providing them with scholarships. Free passes, to travel in the state-owned Pallavan Transport Corporation (PTC) buses, will be given to them, for the present, in the Madras metropolitan area. Income from one raffle draw will be allotted exclusively for the activities connected with the Year of the Child. An orphanage at Madras to house 100 children is also proposed.

How does she feel being a minister? She finds it quite interesting; and "there are no special problems being a woman."

What is her favourite pastime? "I play on the veena when I'm free. I also play badminton." Why does she remain single? Hasn't she found her "Mr. Right"? With a broad grin, she says, "No, and I'm past the age of getting married!"

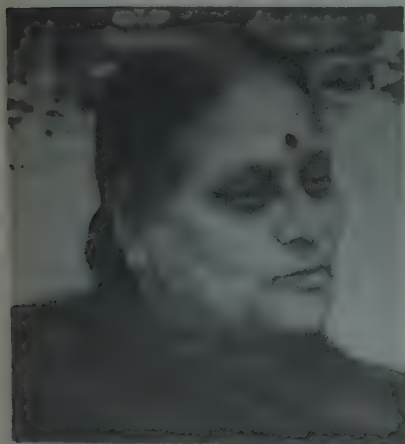
Malavika

With fewer women getting into Parliament every term, there is little doubt that the way is being paved for a totally male-occupied House. And with that the cause of women will slowly but surely be ushered out from the corridors of power. Today, with a little over three dozen women members in both Houses of Parliament one can at least hope for a better deal for women. The women MPs at least provide an opening to take up the cause of women to the floor of the House and highlight their victimization in a male-dominated society. Whether anything will be achieved from this exercise, whether the women of our country will be allowed to realise their own individuality and rights is yet to be seen.

But the question which still remains to be answered is: Have women MPs succeed in realizing these hopes and aspirations? Have they contributed sufficiently to this cause? Or have they, like many others, got lost in the power struggle and conveniently forgotten about the suffering of the millions of others of their tribe?

Assessing the state of women today, many feel that the last is true. The feeling that the cause of women has not been taken up effectively by those in Parliament is predominant in almost all sections of society. The average Indian woman is suffering as before. The only difference is that today she also feels cheated since her hopes have been betrayed by the very same candidates for whom she had cast a vote. Today they seem to have forgotten her.

KAMLA BAHUGUNA
Janata-Uttar Pradesh



Mrs. Kamla Bahuguna, Janata MP from Uttar Pradesh, refutes this "unkind allegation". She asserts that the cause of women

is being taken up effectively in Parliament. "Those who feel that nothing is being done are not studying the problem deeply or viewing it in totality. The women MPs are certainly doing their bit. Whenever we get a chance we push forward the issue of women. On several occasions the subject of women has been dealt at great length on the floor of the House. I had myself spoken on the subject when in the

Mrs. Bahuguna however feels that the initiative lies with the women themselves. She refutes the contention that men thwart the chances of women, especially during the elections: "There is a general feeling that men put up fewer women candidates. There is no discrimination and neither do the men attempt to keep out women from contesting. The only criterion before the party is the candidate's abi-

WOMEN MPs— a feeble voice instead of a battle-cry for Woman

Kumkum Chaudhary

sixth five-year plan draft there was no definite chapter on women. I had then urged the government to include a specific chapter dealing with women. The question of the status of women is being taken up seriously. The Social Welfare Department has held several meetings on the subject. We hope for positive results. Then, a move was initiated by women MPs to discuss the problem of working women with the Union Education Minister. Last month the first of these meetings was held with Dr. Chunder. It is for the first time that we are discussing this problem at a national level."

A burning national problem, the issue of women unfortunately is neglected by the men politicians. The onus is thus on the women MPs to take up the cause massively. Mrs. Bahuguna says to this: "Being a woman, one definitely takes up the cause with a greater interest whenever one can. But it has to be understood that once we are elected to the House we have to act as ordinary members since we are not from a reserved constituency. We are from a general seat and as MPs we have to rise above man-woman considerations. The electorate is the same for a man and woman MP and each one of us is expected to highlight the problems at a national level. Despite that, the cause of women is never consciously ignored or overlooked."

lity to get elected. No party can afford to lose a seat. In fact, between a man and a woman applicant if the woman can ensure victory, the party will certainly give the ticket to the woman."

Then what is the reason for there being few women in Parliament. In Mrs. Bahuguna's opinion, it is their own limitations which prevent the women from coming forward, especially in politics: "Very few women want to take up politics as a career. The politics of today has become too complex and one has to put one's heart into it. It is not merely a question of giving a ticket to a woman during the elections but ensuring that she will win. To return to a constituency one must be known in the area and must have worked there full time for several years. Only then can one hope to win. Now the women who wish to contest more often than not have not been able to put in so much work, perhaps due to lack of time or domestic problems.

"Thus, if a ticket is given to a woman then there is a risk of her losing the seat. And that is a big risk to take. In the last elections there were 84 women candidates, but only 17 were elected. Women do not find the time for politics and therefore lack the touch with the masses which is crucial for contesting a seat."

SAROJ KHARPARDE
Cong-I-Maharashtra



Mrs. Saroj Kharparde (Cong-I) from Maharashtra feels that the women MPs are doing "enough" for the cause of women. "They help in creating the atmosphere to promote the cause. Their effective participation in Parliament and activities in social, political, educational and cultural fields, help the cause of women."

While our elected representatives claim that they are willing to take up the cause in Parliament, they point out that the channel of information is incomplete. Seemingly, if the plight is 'brought' to the door-step of our elected representatives then they are willing to take it up. For them to go out and find out or read magazines concerning women would probably be expecting too much and making heavy demands on their busy schedule.

AZIZA IMAM
Congress-Bihar



But is the cause of women being taken up as effectively in parliament? Mrs. Aziza Imam (Congress) from Bihar says: "The stock of women MPs is good as

far as politics is concerned, but not as far as the cause of women is concerned. That is being thoroughly neglected and women MPs are not doing much to remedy this. It is not finding much place on the floor of the House. The women MPs, and I must share the blame, are not doing enough. At the moment they are involved in the issue of Harijans, minorities, etc. They are fully aware of the urgency of the cause but are far too involved in day-to-day politics. The cause of women thus goes into the background. It has nothing to do with the number of women MPs. Even two women MPs can be very vocal and a dozen may be totally ineffective. It is the primary duty of every woman MP to take up this cause. If we don't the men never will!"

DR. SAROJINI MAHISHI
Janata-Karnataka



But there are several women MPs who are giving all their time to this cause. **Dr. Sarojini Mahishi** (Janata) from Karnataka claims that women MPs have played an active role in the uplift of women. "There is an association of women MPs which takes up problems concerning women and children, with special emphasis on health, education and employment. The association is working towards establishing family courts. Women have no means of going to court. Many believe it to be derogatory to move a court in respect of marriage, divorce, adoption, succession, etc. Even if they go to court matters are deferred for years and justice is delayed. With the result, most people, especially women, avoid going to courts. If family courts are set up to separately deal with the problems pertaining to women and families, with women judges then even illiterate women will get legal protection.

Victimization and exploitation at the hands of men will lessen. The association is striving to achieve this. In fact, shortly we will be organizing seminars to raise public awareness."

Dr. Mahishi further said: "The number of women members of Parliament is too small to enable us to take up the cause of women strongly. I feel that if the cause of women has to be put on a stronger footing in Parliament then women should be

Of the 800-odd members in both Houses of Parliament only about 42 are women. Indian woman therefore is inadequately represented in Parliament. Are the few women MPs then making a special effort on behalf of women?

Women outside feel that they have been betrayed, that their cause has not been taken up effectively. The MPs say they are doing their bit despite several limitations

properly represented. Unfortunately, the political parties are disinclined to give adequate representation to women because the set-up is male-dominated."

The only way out of this is struggle, Dr. Mahishi asserts. "Women have to fight for this. I do not recommend reservation of seats because it kills initiative. In the beginning reservation may be all right but it does not help in the long run. And why should women depend on crutches like reservation? They are not inferior to men in any way. There are several women's organizations, lawyers and women MPs who can be persuaded to fight on behalf of the down-trodden women."

MARGARET ALVA
Cong-I-Karnataka

One MP considers herself "above" man-woman considerations, and therefore does not concentrate exclusively on the cause of women. **Margaret Alva** (Cong-I) from Karnataka explains: "I have not been elected to Parliament as a representative of women at all. One is elected by both men and women. So it would be wrong for the women members of Parliament to talk only about the problems of women. We have to keep the en-

tire constituency in mind. But in the course of that whenever issues concerning women and children come up they are not ignored."

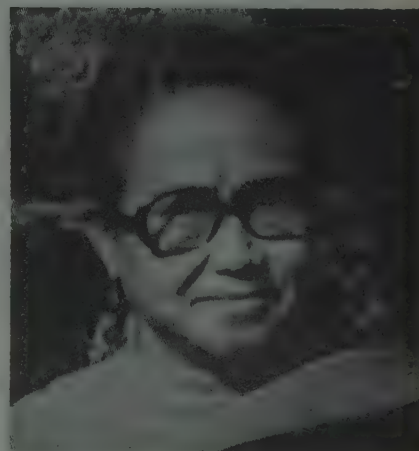
Margaret Alva, however, concedes that social problems like mother-in-law, dowry, etc., perpetuated by and on women do not have much place in Parliament. Despite this, she is fully aware that women need special attention and deserve a better deal through the members of

the House. "One thing that can be done is to nominate four women each in both the Houses to look after women's special needs and interests. Then the 'women's lobby' would have to be strengthened. With the present strength, it is not possible to take up the cause effectively. Of the 800-odd members in both the Houses only about 42 are women members. In that sense, we face a man's world. Political parties are dominated by men and their effort is to put up few women as candidates. The fear that women are not easily elected is baseless. For instance, in the Karnataka assembly elections six women were put up and all were elected. There should be a law that at least 20 per cent of the candidates put up by a party must be women. Another factor is the co-operation of men. Without that one cannot effectively take up the cause of women."

And yet the subject is not outside the Parliamentary arena. It finds place on several occasions: "There are instances when all women, irrespective of their party affiliations, come together and take a common stand on a particular issue. Recently when the books by M. O. Mathai and Ved Mehta were published and they defamed women in public life, all women MPs came together and protested against such publications. At that time even men had supported our stand. During the International Wo-

men's Year all women members came together and collectively demanded an equal status for women. But to expect women MPs to take up an issue concerning women every second day is impractical. In any case, there is no point in fighting or talking in a vacuum. If the lot of woman has to be improved the social structures have to be created, to enable her to go out and work and be a bread-earner in her own right. Not only has there to be a stress on the right policies but the rights have to be made available to women. And to achieve this, the attitude of the society towards women has to change. The women MPs alone cannot do it. The women outside Parliament have to assert themselves."

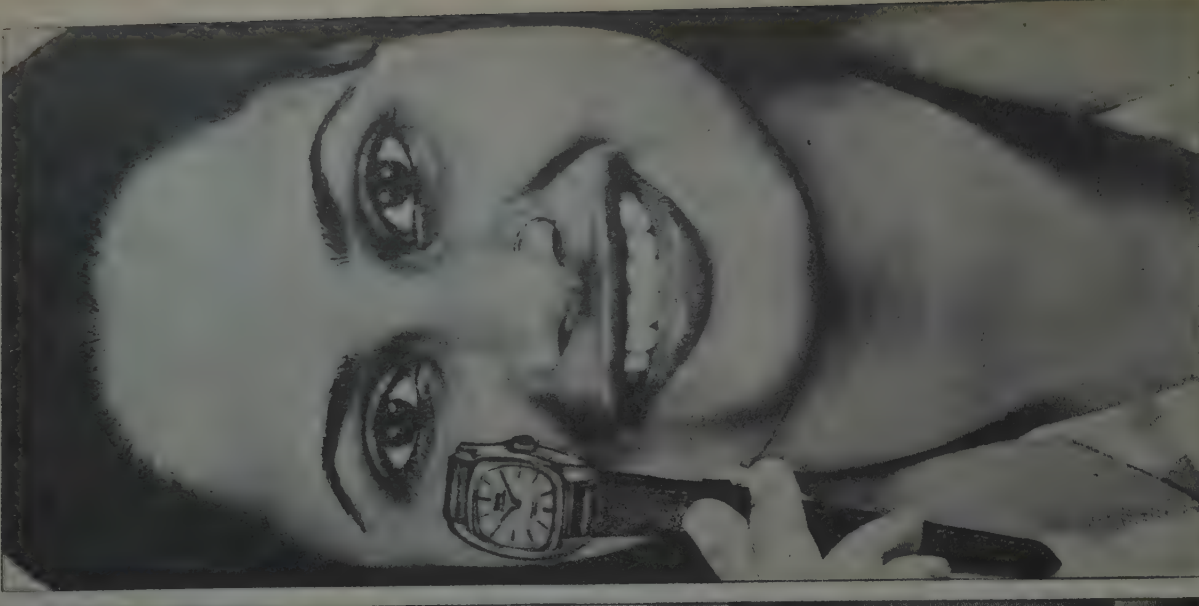
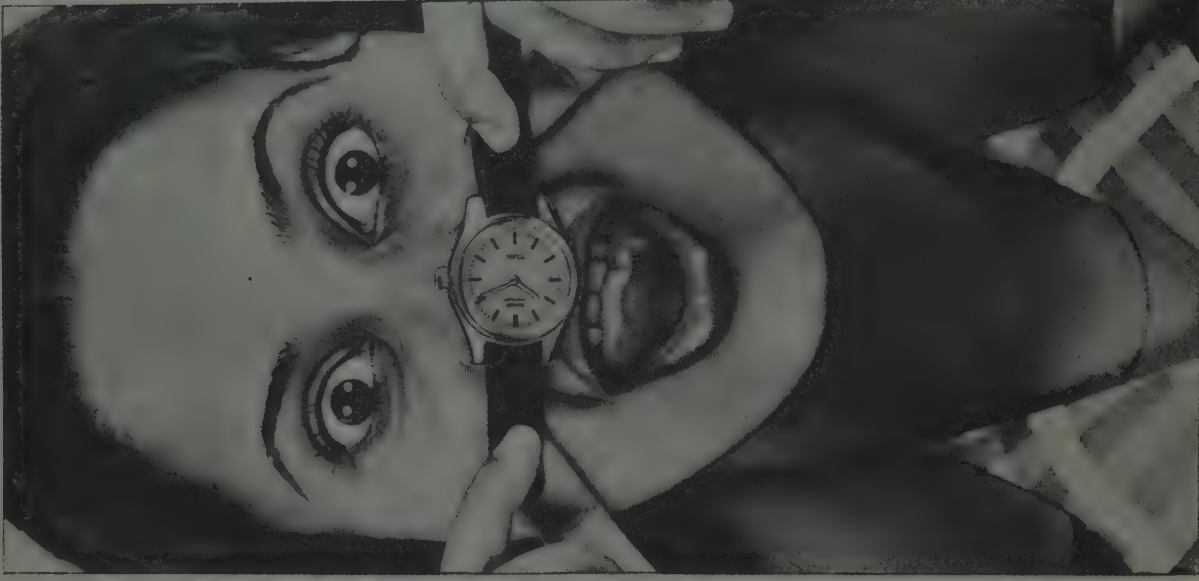
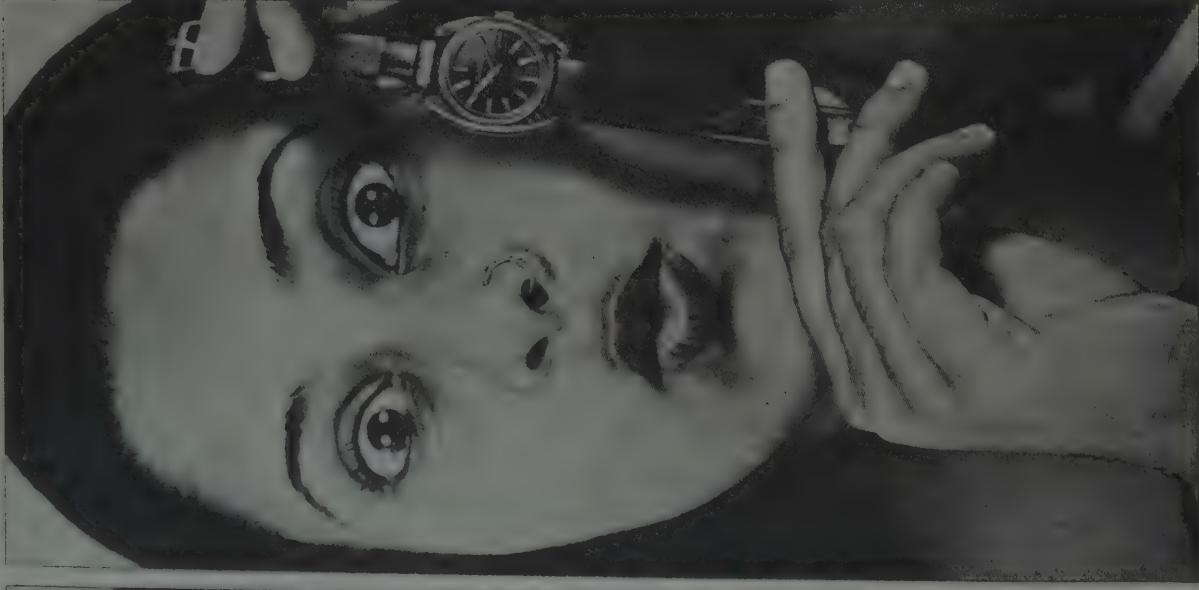
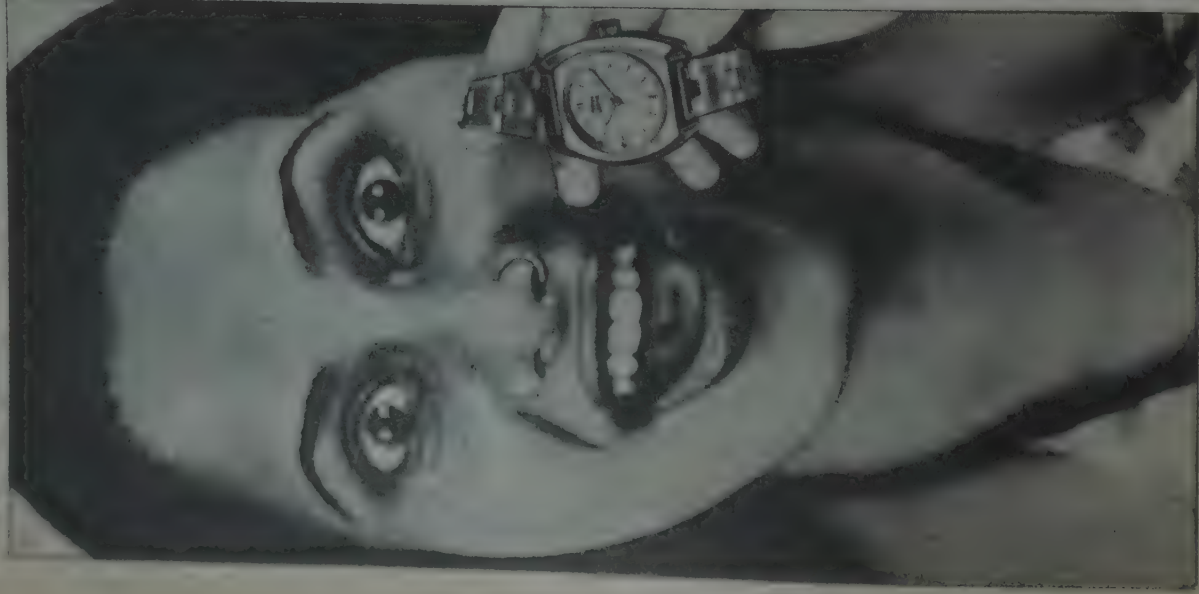
RANO SHIAZA
Janata-Nagaland



Probably that is why **Mrs. Rano Shiaza** (Janata), representing Nagaland, pins the responsibility on the women outside Parliament: "If any grievance is brought to us we will not neglect it. But the cases have to be brought to us. As a member of the House, the pressure of work is too much and it is not possible to go around and find out. But I concede that the women MPs can do much more. They do not lack awareness. If they lack anything it is the time."

Mrs. Shiaza suggested two measures. "For one, the male members should be made aware of the plight of women. There should be members nominated exclusively for the women's cause. Then women members should visit areas outside their own constituencies to know the plight of women in other areas and take up the cause on a large scale in Parliament."

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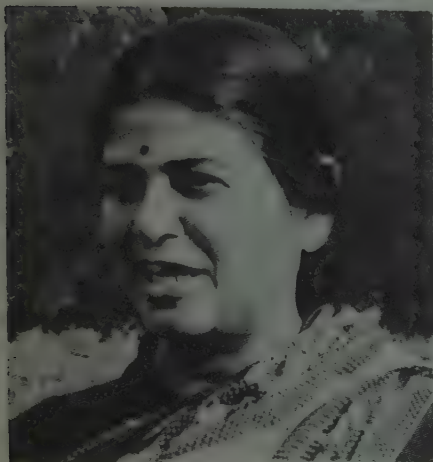
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TIMEKEEPERS TO THE NATION

WOMEN MPs

MRINAL GORE
Janata-Bombay



Mrs. Mrinal Gore (Janata) from Bombay says: Not many women MPs take up the cause of women. If in Parliament you have women who have been active in the women's movement, then they take up the cause, but unfortunately others overlook this area. My colleagues and I have tried to build up a strong lobby for women. In my speeches also I highlighted the question of women's employment and creches. We are also trying to create a special cell to look into the problems of women. We have been striving for changes in laws for working women. The Ministry of Labour held a meeting last month on this. We intend to get the age limit for certain jobs increased. For instance, if the maximum age limit for certain jobs is 25 years, for women it should be relaxed to 30 years. Then, if she wants to retire early she must be able to do so with full benefits. There should be special training facilities for women. These are some of the points we are fighting for. Yet it is not possible to take up the cause of women on a large scale because all women MPs do not join in. Party affiliations come in. The movement can only be successful if it is above party politics. Also, the agitation for women has been restricted to the upper middle-class. The rural folk and slum dwellers are neglected."

Whatever the limitations of these women MPs, the fact remains that a majority of Indian women remain downtrodden. A lot more needs to be done. From the women MPs who feel that women's cause deserves special attention, one can expect

a more intensified approach. As to the others who feel that the cause is being overpublicized, one can hope that they will show greater awareness and sympathy.

ABHA MAITI
West-Bengal

Abha Maiti, Union Minister of State for Industry and MP from West Bengal, also feels that the plight of women deserves special attention. Women MPs do have a responsibility but they also have their limitations: "We are not elected merely as women but as candidates. We have to have a general approach. The first thing every member of Parliament has to do is to see how best he or she can fulfil her poll promises. A woman MP certainly has a special role to play in highlighting the problems of women in relation to her social and legal rights. I concede that all women MPs are not serious about taking up the cause of women. We could do much better if we could get met interested in these matters."

AMBIKA SONI
Congress-Punjab



Ambika Soni (Congress) from Punjab is enraged at the word overpublicized: "How can one even suggest that? The women are being exploited and neglected. Woman is made the scapegoat of man's sins. One talks of the woman being raped but not of the man who has raped her. If there is a divorce the man easily remarries but the woman who has been divorced is no longer acceptable to society. How can you forget her? It is unfair, inhuman. . ."

On the role of the woman MPs Ambika said: "The issues concerning women have been taken up from time to time. But a lot more needs to be done. It has to be a two-way traffic. If a woman MP is expected to take up the cause of women, then more women should approach her and make her instrumental in taking up their cause. Women's organizations and institutions should have close contact with women MPs. Also every male member should focus attention on the situation of women. The men are a hurdle and in this area they have to be educated."

CHANDRAVATI
Janata-Haryana



Unfortunately, there are women MPs who do not even realize the extent of suffering women undergo. Mrs. Chandravati, President of the Haryana Pradesh Janata Party, is one of those who feel that the cause of women is being overpublicized. "I don't consider women apart from society. I don't think women face any special problems? Why separate their cause from that of the others? Take the case of a rich woman. What problems does she face? She is comfortable and in my opinion neither exploited nor victimized. In fact, she is one of the privileged members of the society. As far as the poor woman is concerned how are her problems different from that of a poor man's? And they would be solved once her economic condition improves. So the issue to be tackled first is poverty rather than the cause of women. There are other more important issues like the problems of the aged, the crippled and the blind which deserve attention."

CHILDREN GET CLOSER TO NATURE

Around 400 children will have an opportunity of getting to know a form of wildlife seen only in the pages of expensive books.

World Wildlife Fund India (Rajkot Branch) in collaboration with the Gujarat State Forest Department is organising a series of Nature Orientation Camps for school children on Pirotan Island in the Gulf of Kutch near Jamnagar.

As a sequel to the very successful and popular Nature Orientation Camp organised by WWF-India at Hingolghadh last year, the Forest Department has secured the Government's approval in principle to constitute an Educational Sanctuary at Hingolghadh and made an initial grant to the Department for holding such camps.

The present series of camps on Pirotan Island are a prelude to a regular programme to be initiated at Hingolghadh in July this year. Several schools of Saurashtra are providing active support and three-day camps have been programmed at Pirotan Island for every weekend till the end of March. These are being organised by WWF-India as part of its conservation education programme.

The 30 participants in the first batch had the unique experience of observing marine life, handling octopuses and watching flamingoes, pelicans and other shore birds around the island.

CORRECTION

The cover photograph of Rumki Roy (Mar. 3-9) was taken by Dhiraj Chawda, and not Farokh Reporter as mentioned. The error is regretted.

TWINS- ARE THEY REALLY PEOPLE IN DUPLICATE?

David Gunston

Are you a wife aged between 35 and 39 with a family of eight children? If so, you are the most likely mother in the world to have twins.

Next most likely mother is the woman of the same age with seven children, then with six children, five, four — and so on. The woman between 30 and 35 with eight children comes next, then the one with seven, six...

If you are a wife outside the 30 to 39 age group, or have more than eight in family already, then rest assured that your chances of having twins decrease considerably.

These and many other interesting facts emerge from recent research into the fascinating phenomenon of twinning.

Identical twins, originating from the same ovum, occur about once in every three sets of twins. Twins of either kind appear about once in every 87 births.

Incidentally, there is a ratio, or law, with much biological support, that suggests that triplets occur

about once in every 87x87 births, and quadruplets roughly once every 87x87x87 births, and so on, although the modern fertility drug tends to alter all that.

More male twins are born than female, and more mixed twins than either. Although the tendency to-

wards having fraternal, or non-identical twins seems to be inherited (most often through women relatives), there is no evidence that the tendency to have identical twins is hereditary in either sex. In fact, if a woman does have identical twins, it seems to be purely

an accidental occurrence.

Contrary to the usual belief, twins are not always born very shortly one after another. There are many instances of a day or so separating the arrival of twin babies, and at least three most exceptional cases of such twins being born as much as two months apart.

And the people who have the highest twin rate to normal births? Apparently American Blacks. The lowest are the Japanese, with only 33 pairs to every 10,000 single births. In earlier times, and still persisting in some primitive races is the belief that a woman who gives birth to twins has been unfaithful to her husband.

The study of twins, which still goes on all over the world, indicates that we owe more to our heredity and the circumstances of our birth than to any external conditions later. The similarities which develop in twins as they grow up can only be inherited from their mutual parents.

Also, twins as a rule tend to be too dependent on each other in life for them separately to achieve distinction or great success in most spheres. It seems they tend to lack individual initiative, which is usually so necessary if a person is to make his or her mark.



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CHILDREN'S ESSAY CONTEST

We are happy to announce the winners of our Essay Contest for children on the subjects: "A DAY IN MY LIFE AS A BEGGAR CHILD" & "MY SERVANT'S CHILDREN".

1st Prize: SANJAY D'CUNHA (8 years)

2nd Prize: C. SRIKANTH (8 years)
Madras

3rd Prize: NANDANI AGARWALA (10 years)
Bangalore

1st Prize: K. SWAMINATHAN (7 years)
Hyderabad

2nd Prize: MANGALA RAO (9 years)
Bellary

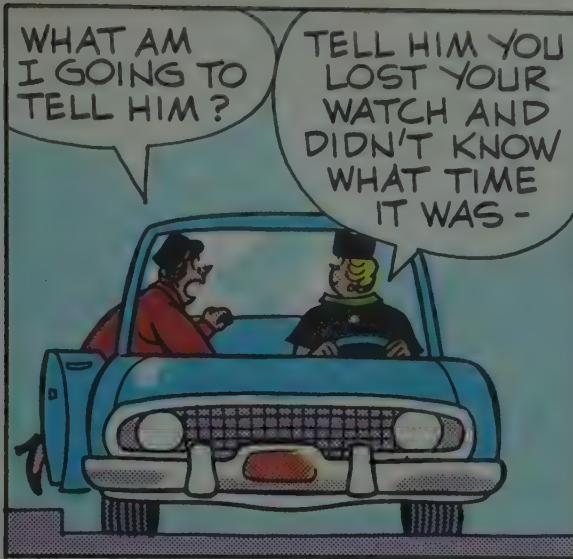
3rd Prize: RAKHI (8 years)
New Delhi

The winning entries as well as the next best ones will be published in the **Eve's Weekly** issue of March 24, 1979. The six winners will each receive a gift parcel from India Book House and a gift hamper from Weikfield Products Co. (India) Pvt. Ltd.

The judges for the Essay Contest were Mr. Gerson Da Cunha, General Manager, Lintas (India) Ltd., (and a well-known TV and stage personality of Bombay), Mrs. Ranjan Amin, Head of the Department of Child Development, Nirmala Niketan, Bombay, and the Editor, **Eve's Weekly**.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



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The identical twins decided to have some fun one night. They dressed exactly alike and seated themselves side by side at a party and ordered the same drink. Soon a drunk staggered by and stared at them. He kept rubbing his eyes until one of the twins burst out laughing.

"It's all right," he smiled. "You're really not seeing things. We're twins."

The drunk looked again, blinked and asked: "What, all four of you?"

A nuclear physicist stepped up to the prescription counter and asked for some prepared acetylsalicylic acid.

"You mean aspirin?" said the druggist.

The physicist smiled apologetically. "That's right. I can never remember that name."

A man received a long-distance call from his niece. After talking for twenty minutes, he remarked that she

THAT'S A LAUGH!

was running up her folks' phone bill. "Oh, that's okay," said the girl. "I'm not home. I'm baby-sitting."

The teenager called her boy friend. "You'd better not come over tonight. Pop's furious. He found out that we



used the car last night to go joy-riding."

"How did he find out?" asked the boy friend.

"How? We hit him."

Pete was in a quandary the first morning he visited the nudist colony. He got out, locked the car door, and then didn't know what to do with the key.

Friend: "How are things at your nudist colony?"

Opportunist: "Well, pretty good. I opened up a little store out there. I sell underthings to the nudists."

Friend: "What kind of underthings could you sell to nudists?"

Opportunist: "Cushions."

An American hunter was gazing down into the centre of a famous Greek volcano. Finally he commented, "It looks like hell."

"Oh, you Americans!" said his guide. "you've been everywhere."

"Are you doing anything Sunday evening?" asked the boss.

"No, not a thing," answered the pretty stenographer, hopefully.



"Then," said the boss, "please try to be at the office earlier on Monday morning."

A fond mother, whose daughter had not come home at the usual time, grew worried at her absence, so she telegraphed five of her daughter's best friends, asking where Mary was. Shortly after her daughter's return, the answers to her telegrams arrived. Each one read: "Don't worry. Mary is staying with me tonight."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

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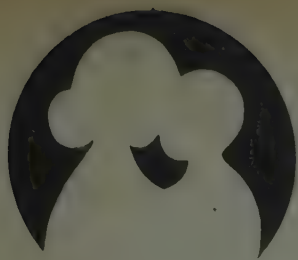
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Mr. Sparrow came home one evening with some worms for his wife and little Chirpy when he found the nest empty.

"Chirpy has finally learnt to fly," he thought with a smile.

Soon Mrs. Sparrow came home, but she was alone. "Where is Chirpy?" asked Mr. Sparrow. "Chirpy, he must be in the nest," replied Mrs. Sparrow.

"He isn't here, I found the nest empty when I came in," said Mr. Sparrow.

"Oh no, he must have fallen off the nest. I had gone to Mrs. Cuckoo to give her some twine for her nest. I asked Chirpy not to go to the edge of the nest. Oh, I hope Mr. Crow hasn't got him, he

was always waiting for a chance to get him alone," said Mrs. Sparrow flying around the tree and looking around.

They went over to all their friends' houses to ask if they had seen Chirpy, but no one had seen the little Sparrow. The whole night both Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow couldn't sleep. They kept thinking of Chirpy.

Early next morning Mrs. Sparrow's sister came to her house with some good news. "You know the house where they always put out grains for us? Chirpy is there, I just saw him. He isn't dead."

"Come on, let's go," cried Mrs. Sparrow. Soon Mrs. Sparrow was talking to Chirpy. "Oh Chirpy, I am so glad to see you. Tell me how did you get here?"

"Well, after you went away, I was trying to fly and I fell down. I tried to fly but couldn't. Just then a dog came towards me. A little boy also came and



THE FIRST FLIGHT

picked me up and he brought me here."

"Are you going to be kept in a cage?" asked Mrs. Sparrow anxiously.

"No, the little girl who lives here wanted to keep me as a pet, but her mother said, 'We'll keep the sparrow till it can fly and then we must let it go back to its home. How would you like it if someone caught you and put you in a cage?'"

"They are such nice people," said Mrs. Sparrow, "but what are we to do now?"

"Listen, let Chirpy stay here till he can learn to fly. He is too heavy for us to carry him now," suggested Mr. Sparrow. "All right. Have you had anything to eat?" asked Mrs. Sparrow.

"Yes, they gave me something white to drink and I also ate something, but could you get me some worms," asked Chirpy.

"You stay here. I'll go get some," said Mrs. Sparrow. Every morning Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow would go with some worms to Chirpy and would spend the whole day with him teaching him to fly. The people in the house had kept a little stool under which Chirpy could hide, and in the night they would put him in a little box, with straw in it.

Soon it was time for Chirpy to leave. He had had a nice time here with the people, but he wanted to go back to his nest.

Chitra Rao

An old woodcutter and his wife lived alone in their house. Every morning before he went to cut wood the wife gave him a lunch box. She made rice balls. In the centre of the balls she put a pickle or a dried fish.

One morning the woodcutter was sitting on the verandah waiting for his wife to bring his lunch box. The old woman came out very excited. "Grandpa," she said, "today is a strange day. The rice balls keep falling off my hands. I wonder why?" "It must be because of the fever you had yesterday," he said.

Then the old man took his lunch box and went into the forest. He worked very hard cutting wood. At noon he began to feel hungry. "Let me rest for a while. Then I'll eat my lunch," he said to himself. He rested under a tree for a while, then opened his box.

He picked up one rice ball and carried it to his



mouth. "Dear me," he cried. The ball fell out his hand and rolled down the hill. Away it went — bob, bob, bobbity bob! Plunk! Into a hole.

He got up and went to the hole. He did not see anything. So he put his ear to the ground. His mouth fell open. He could hear someone singing in the earth. "What on earth is happening! Let me drop one more ball into the hole and see what happens," he thought. He dropped the second

ball and waited. The singing grew louder and he could hear a loud pounding. Thump, thump, thump! He could hear the words of the song.

God bless the man
And the riceball that ran
Down the hill
For our belly to fill.
God bless the man.

"Well, well, well," thought the man. "Here is my last rice ball." He sent the third rice ball down the hole. "Now I must find out who is singing this song." He bent over the hole. "God help!" he cried in a frightened voice. "I'm going down the hole!" Down he went until he lay flat on his back. When he opened his eyes he saw lots of mice around him.

"Hullo, good man," they all said. "Thank you for the delicious rice balls."

"Sit up," said the biggest mouse. He must have been the leader. "Because you have been so kind to us,

we want to give you a present. Take this little rice bag."

The old man thanked the mice and climbed up the hole. He was glad to see the sun and the trees.

When the old man returned home he told his wife about the little rice bag. He said, "Look at this pretty bag."

"Pretty? Yes, but I can't even make two rice balls from this."

"Anyway, cook it and see."

The old woman started pouring the rice into a basket. She was surprised. "Grandpa," she called, "Come and see what is happening! This is a magic rice bag. The rice in it will not finish."

The old man and his wife lived very happily. Every day she made enough rice for her husband and two rice balls for the kind mice.

**Shobha
Mane-Phanshikar**

FASHION OF THE MONTH

WIN-A-WARDROBE!



This is the third of 12 fashion features which will enable you to Win-A-Wardrobe from Delhi's exclusive boutique SOPHISTICATION. This unique scheme was announced in Eve's Weekly issues dated December 30, 1978, and January 13, 1979.

ANNOUNCEMENT

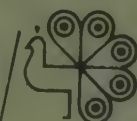
For the fashion-conscious in Bombay, Eve's Weekly and Sophistication boutique will hold a grand Fashion Show at the Regal Room, Oberoi Sheraton Hotel, on March 19, 1979, followed by an exhibition-cum-sale by Sophistication Boutique of their fabulous range of outfits on March 20, 21, 22 and 23, at the Silver Arch, Oberoi Sheraton Hotel, Bombay.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

Location Courtesy: Oberoi Sheraton Hotel.



3

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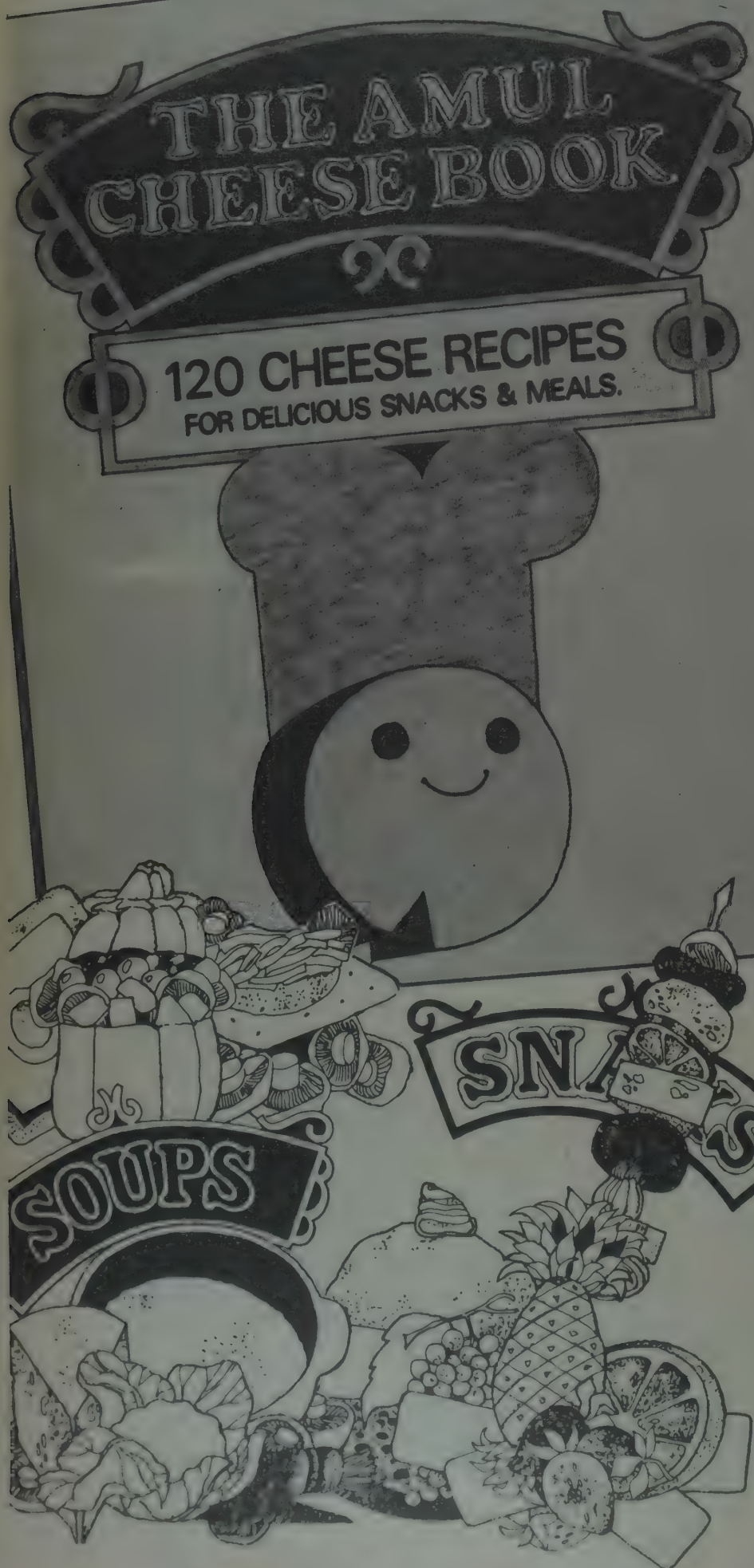
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1. Prizes are in the form of readymade garments. 1st Prize Rs. 10,000; 2nd Prize Rs. 5000; 3rd Prize Rs. 3000; PLUS ten Consolation Prizes Rs. 200 each.
2. Grand Fashion Show will be held by Sophistication/Eve's Weekly, around March, 1980. The three winners will be invited. They will be given return Railway Fare plus Rs. 200 for expenses.
3. A minimum of 10 coupons, out of coupons numbered 1—12 must be sent, in one lot, latest by January 25, 1980, after the publication of the 12th feature in December, to The Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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BEAUTY BULLETIN

REMOVING WRINKLES

I have fine wrinkles above my upper lip. How can I remove these? Also I want to know what is meant by bleaching hair.

B.R. (Panaji)

To erase the fine lines try this exercise. Pull chin in and draw mouth inwards between teeth, alternating "eating mouth" with pursing lips, thrusting chin out.

Here is an effective home remedy for your problem. Take equal parts of glycerine and white of an egg (unbeaten) and a little rose water. Mix well and spread on the wrinkled area. Allow to remain for about 15 minutes. Then rinse well with tepid water.

In bleaching, some or all of the pigment from the hair shaft is removed to lighten the colour.

FOR HEALTHY TEETH



REGULAR CARE IS ESSENTIAL

My daughter is seven and has a lovely set of teeth but she avoids brushing it. How can I keep her teeth healthy?

B.B. (Calcutta)

You should give your daughter a balanced diet consisting of proper amount of proteins, carbohydrates and fat. Milk is very essential because of the calcium content which strengthens teeth and bones.

Make her brush her teeth twice a day — the bedtime brushing is particularly important. No food particles should be allowed to remain in the crevices of the teeth. Just a few swishes of the brush are not enough. She should brush her teeth well — brushing the inner and outer surfaces, sides of teeth and the biting area. Then rinse thoroughly. The toothbrush should be changed periodically.

Also a visit to the dentist twice a year is essential to check teeth troubles.

FOR THICK LASHES

I have large eyes but my eyelashes are very sparse. How can I make them thick?

My second problem is dandruff. Please suggest a home remedy to treat this. Nothing expensive, please.

D.R. (Bangalore)

You could try using castor oil on your lashes before retiring. Do this for a couple of months and see if it works.

You can make your lashes seem thicker with this make-up trick. Before applying mascara powder your lashes. Let the mascara dry, then repeat.

Here is an inexpensive remedy to treat dandruff. Take four tablespoons of besan and soak it in a little vinegar for 15 minutes. Apply this paste on your scalp and leave for about half an hour. Then rinse well.

A journalist who started her career as a ballet dancer, Una Flett of Scotland was in India recently to learn more about Indian dancing. Una's interest in Indian dancing was aroused when she happened to see Indian dance performances in Scotland some years back.

Una has just finished writing a book titled 'My experiences as a dancer'. "As a ballet dancer I travelled with a French ballet troupe all over Europe, Egypt and Israel. It's a very hard life and for a woman, a very difficult career. Ballet dancing involves a lot of travelling, very hard work and brings in very poor pay. In reality an artiste's life is not just glamour. But with the problems, you also have the fascinations.

"In this sort of life, it is difficult to manage the home and the career successfully. And children with artistic tendencies have to learn to make sacrifices at a young age. They cannot enjoy their childhood like 'normal' children. They have to make decisions about their careers at a very early age. Actually this is what my book is all about."

Una gave up dancing when she got married. But after her husband died, she started studying and took a degree from Edinburgh University. It was after this that she decided to become

PASSING THROUGH

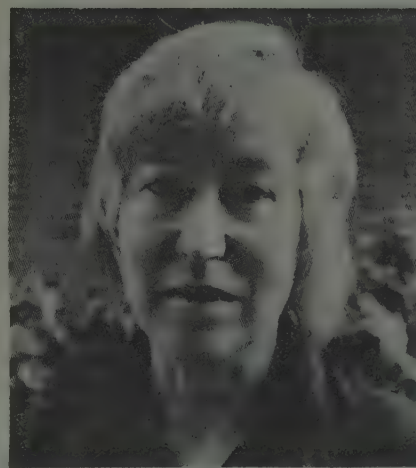
UNA FLETT

BALLERINA-JOURNALIST

a journalist. "Middle-aged women going to University is a very common thing in Scotland, encouraged by our Government."

Una feels that "Scottish women are behind their English counterparts in many respects, though the number of married working women is on the increase now. The reason why many married women with small children do not like to work is that there are very poor child-care facilities.

"There is too much freedom in the Western world. Teenage marriages are on the increase and so the divorce rate is increasing too. As a mother of grown-up children I welcome liberty, but I think along with liberty people must be given proper gui-



dance too. In my country, what is really happening is that one set of traditional values has gone and another set of values has not replaced it as yet. But I really like the way Indian girls are still protected so much by their parents."

Una was born in India, as her father was in the British army during the British rule. She left India when she was just five years old and this is her first trip here. "I had always wanted to come to the

country of my birth—I had heard so many fascinating stories about it. I think India is unique in the harmonious way its ancient civilization has been blended with modern Westernised ideas. It's a country with peculiar contrasts. On one side it seems like the whole atmosphere here is very relaxed, as if nothing really moves, and on the other side one feels pressurised and on the move constantly.

"I think the effect of old Delhi on a foreigner is absolutely overwhelming. It's something my mind just couldn't have imagined — I had to see it to really believe it. I still don't understand how so many people can exist in such a small area. The contrast between Old Delhi and New Delhi is really incredible. In Old Delhi one feels as if everything is public, there is no sense of privacy. For a Westerner it sounds unbelievable, as we people believe that every person has a right to certain amount of space and a certain amount of privacy. But the people here do not seem to mind the lack of it."

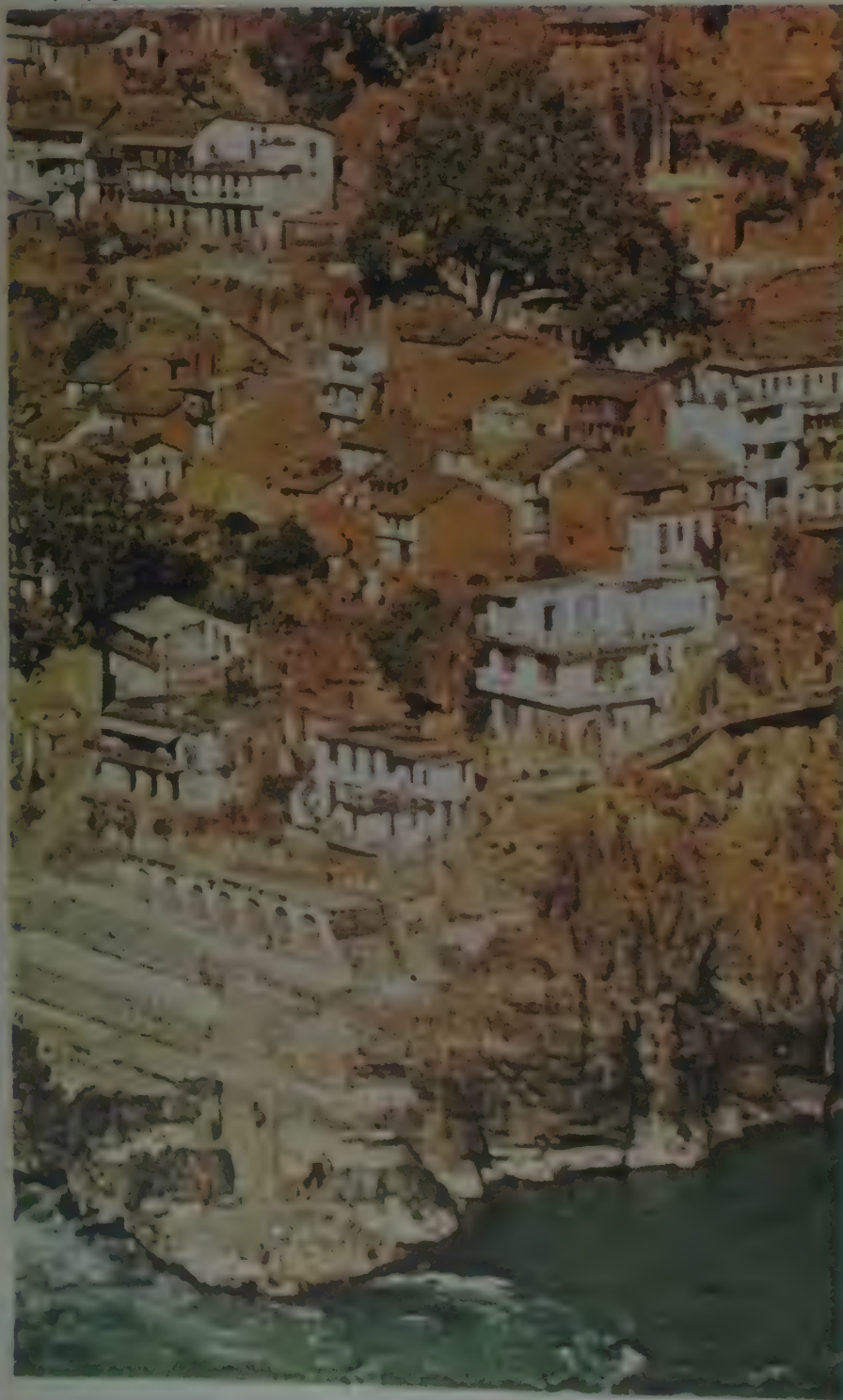
A widely travelled and well-read woman, Una at present works on the staff of the 'Scotsman', a daily, broadcasts for the B.B.C. and writes short stories.

Jyotsana Kapoor

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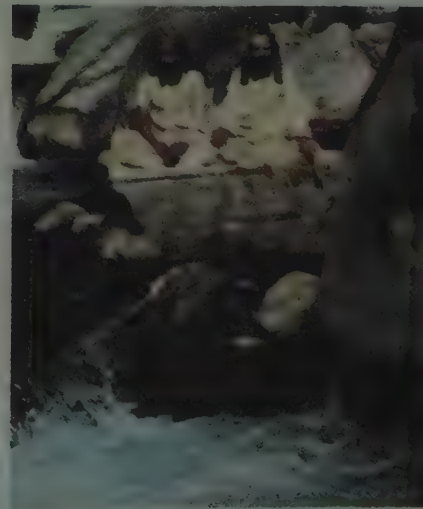
Deoprayag



Devotee at prayer near Rishikesh



Near Yamunotri



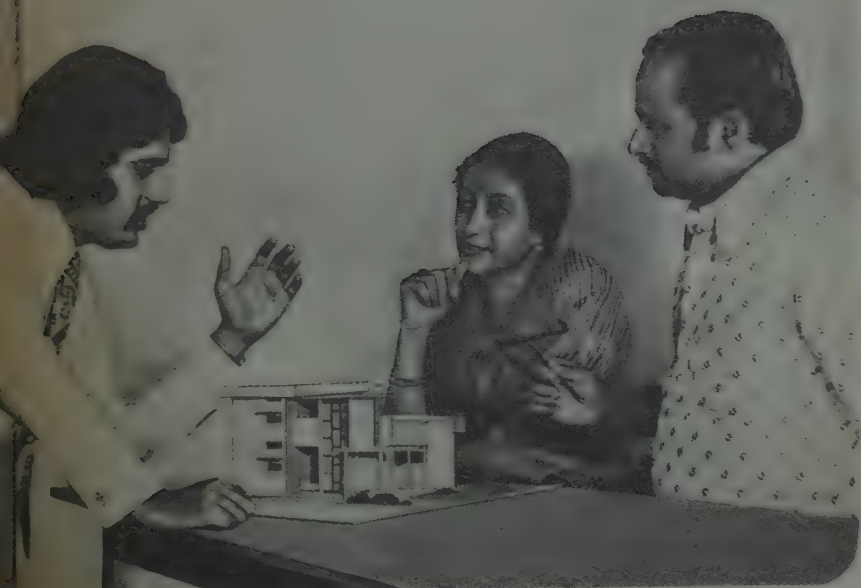
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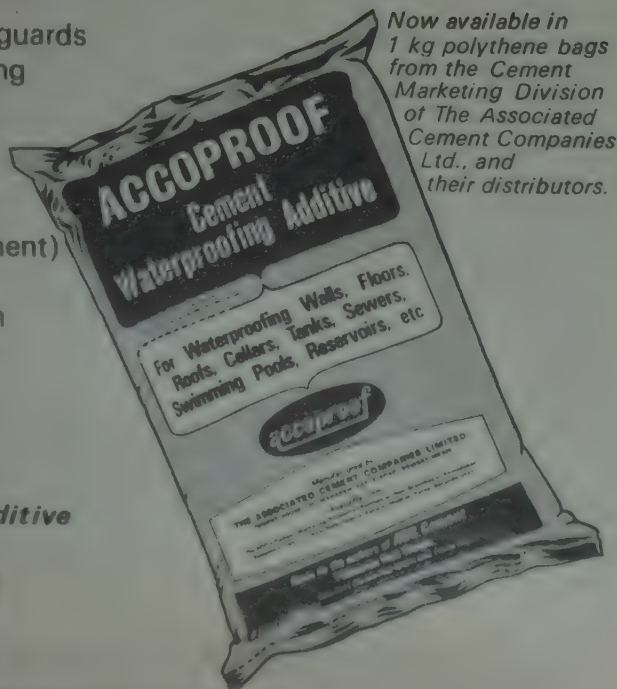
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U-ACCO-1/8

The age-old controversy of old age:

Is the old-age 'home' all that we can give them in return?

In the March issue of

MIRROR

Foods you can eat to stay young:

A no-aging diet for vegetarians and non-vegetarians to keep you young and even make you look younger.

Why I write: Ka Naa

Subramanyam discusses the pursuit of the why and the how of a creative writer.

The mystery of how Madras got its name: Various theories on the origin of the name Madras.

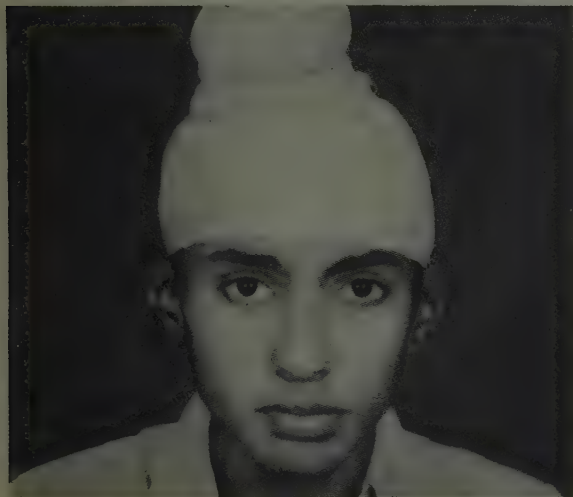
MIRROR
the healthy,
entertaining, informative
family magazine.

The two essays published here are the winners of the Essay Competitions announced in our issue of January 13, 1979.

The Prime Minister is an important figure in a democratic country. We can also say that the P.M. is like a root of a plant to the country.

I hope to become the Prime Minister of India, though some people may think it a foolish idea. All great

IF I WERE THE P. M. OF INDIA



eaders were children like me some time, but no one could know that they were the future leaders of the country. I had that thought because I want to prove myself a stepping stone in the prosperity of my country.

India is a rich country inhabited by the poor. It can only be uplifted if

managed in a proper way. It is underdeveloped and therefore has many problems. India is backward in education. Hardly 20 per cent of its people are educated. Besides, the majority of the people are underfed. Due to illiteracy most of the people become prey to social evils which are proving an obstacle to development. Being the P.M. I would start free and compulsory education and sports for everyone.

India is predominantly an agricultural country but the methods applied for cultivation are quite primitive.

Therefore, I would introduce cooperative farming so that the farmers may use modern methods and thereby increase the agricultural output. The villagers are quite backward and the status of India can only be raised if the villages are properly nursed.

Indian industries are in the hands of a few people who are growing richer day by day at the cost of poor workers. Therefore, I would nationalise all industries in order to provide facilities to the workers. Moreover, India can gain world markets only if the industrial goods are well graded. I would provide food, clothing and shelter to every Indian. Besides, I would make military training compulsory in order to defend the country from invaders.

The life of the P.M. is not a bed of roses, but I would choose it in order to bring back India's past glory.

Balvinder Suri
Std. VIII

COMMUNICATING WITH PARENTS

Generation gap has been a rather controversial issue for debates in schools and colleges. However, I have always opposed this motion. I consider it not a 'generation gap' but a communication gap. It may sound like a difficult proposition to bridge the generation gap, but surely one can bridge the communication gap. We have been doing it for years in other fields, so why not in one's own home?



In psychology there is a term known as 'Identity Crisis' — a time when the teenager is in search of his own identity. Both the parents and the child are at loggerheads with each other. The youngster has the attitude of "I am okay, you are not okay". This is where the communication gap starts. To bridge this gap, the youngster has to adopt an attitude of "I am okay, you are okay. How does one build this bridge?"

It's quite simple and I have built it myself with the help of my parents. The building-up process requires patience, trust and confidence on the part of both parents and the child. Small things matter a lot in life.

We have a tendency to keep secrets, but try sharing them with parents and you'll be surprised to see how they welcome this idea. They too were at an age when young girls sighed over handsome men and vice versa. I have done it with my mother and now have the best friend in her.

Chitra Bhatnagar

VOICE YOUR VIEWS

Next month we invite you to Voice Your Views on

IF I WERE A PARENT, AND MY CHILD CAME HOME DRUNK ...

Your views (accompanied by photographs) should reach us by April 15. Address the envelopes to .

YOUNG VIEWPOINT

Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023

This is a youth page. Readers who send in their views should not be over 21 years old.

MEALS IN MINUTES

Cooking in a pressure cooker will result in maximum retention of the nutrients present in the food. A complete meal of meat, vegetable, dal and rice can be cooked at the same time which not only saves time but saves fuel too. Soup making, which normally is a long process, can be done in a matter of minutes. A pressure cooker is also ideal for people with no oven, and who wish to roast the chicken for family treats. We give you some of the recipes which save your time and very often produce better results than when cooked ordinarily.

Premila Lal

DUM GOSHT

- 1 kg boneless mutton (cut in steak size pieces)
- 30 grams ginger and garlic
- 30 grams chironji
- 6 almonds
- 3 sticks cinnamon
- 30 grams pepper
- 4 cardamoms
- 150 grams ghee
- ½ bunch coriander leaves (chopped)
- A small piece of papaya (raw)
- ½ tsp. cummin seeds (optional)
- 30 grams poppy seeds
- Salt to taste

Roast the almonds, poppy seeds, chironji and grind them to a paste. Grind ginger, garlic, cardamoms, papaya, pepper and coriander leaves.

When all the masala is ready, wash meat and beat each piece lightly on the grinding stone. Mix all ground masala along with cinnamon sticks and cummin seeds (whole) into the meat and let it marinate for 1 hour.



Heat the ghee in the cooker, when hot add the masala mixed mutton and let it fry for five minutes, stirring constantly. Pour in half cup water, close cooker and bring to pressure. Reduce heat and cook for 15 minutes. Sprinkle with lemon juice and serve.

CHICKEN ROAST

- 1 medium chicken
- 2 sliced onions
- Juice of ½ lemon
- 125 grams ghee
- Salt to taste

FOR THE STUFFING:

- ½ coconut, scraped
- 125 grams khoya (solidified milk)
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 tbsp. raisins
- 30 grams almonds, finely chopped
- 15 grams saffron

FOR THE GRAVY:

- 1 onion
- 3 cloves garlic
- 1 inch piece ginger
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 1 tsp. turmeric
- 1 tsp. coriander
- 2 cloves
- 2 sticks cinnamon
- 1 tsp. vinegar

Rub the chicken with lime juice and salt. Mix ingredients for the stuffing and stuff the chicken well. Sew up the stomach neatly. Heat the ghee in the cooker and fry onions till a golden brown. Put in the chicken and brown on all sides, basting occasionally.

Grind together all the ingredients for the gravy. Remove the browned chicken from the cooker and fry the paste in the same ghee till the ghee floats to the top. Put in the chicken, add a cup of water, salt to taste and close the cooker. Bring to pressure and cook for 7 minutes.

CREAM CARAMEL

- 1 litre milk
- 8 eggs
- ½ cup honey
- ½ cup cream
- A pinch of nutmeg powder
- ½ tsp. vanilla essence
- 4 tbsps. sugar

Caramelize a ring mould with sugar and leave aside to cool. Beat the eggs. Warm the milk. Mix in the sugar, honey and the lightly beaten cream. Put in the beaten eggs. Beat well. Add nutmeg powder and vanilla essence. Gently pour this mixture into the prepared mould. Put the mould in the pressure cooker and cook covered, without

pressure for about 10 minutes on high flame. Reduce the heat and cook for further 10 minutes. Let it cool. Decorate with whipped cream and cherries.

MASOORDAL WITH VEGETABLES

- 250 grams masoor dal
- 6 tbsps. ghee
- 2 medium-sized potatoes
- 3 medium-sized ripe tomatoes
- 1 medium-sized brinjal
- 1 onion
- 4 cloves garlic, chopped
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- ½ bunch coriander leaves
- 6 green chillis
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds (ground)
- Garam masala (whole spices)
- Salt to taste

Chop the potatoes, tomatoes, brinjal and onion and keep aside. Wash thoroughly the dal and put to cook in the pressure cooker with 500 ml. of water, adding turmeric powder. Bring to pressure and cook for 4 minutes, reduce pressure and add the chopped vegetables, together with the ground cummin seeds and salt. (Sugar may also be added, if desired). Close the cooker, bring to pressure again and cook for 3 minutes. Add the coriander leaves and whole green chillis, cover and keep aside.

Heat ghee and fry all the spices and garlic and then add all this to the dal. Keep covered. The consistency of the dal should not be very thick and it should be served hot with plain white rice.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

HINDI — I

In response to requests from readers, we now give you every fortnight, equivalent terms in various languages, to clip and keep for your record.

FRUITS (contd.)

Fig	Anjeer
Banana	Kela
Apricots	Khubani
Papaya	Papita
Peaches	Aaru
Peas	Naspati
Pineapple	Ananas
Plums	Alubhukhara
Watermelon	Kalingar
Custard apples	Sitaphul

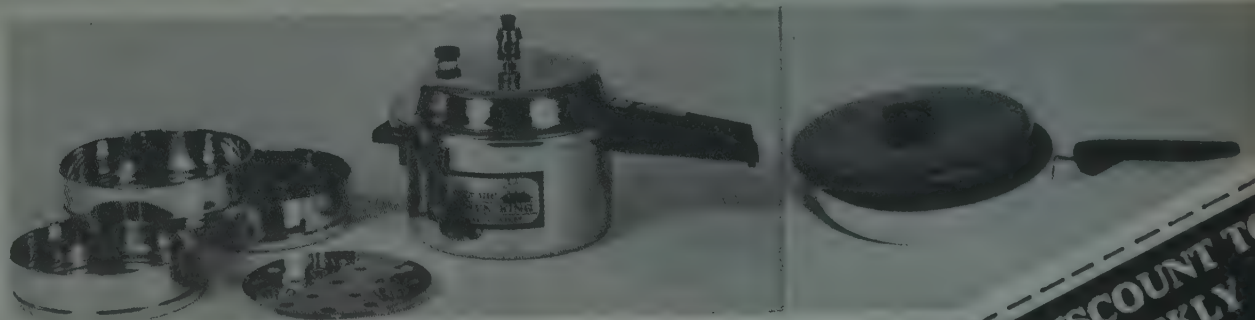
FISH

Beekti	Khajura
Black pomfret	Halwa
Bombay Duck	Bombil
Cat fish	Shingala
Cohite Pomfret & Silver Pomfret	Pomplet
Common Lobster	Shevand
Crab	Khekra
Giant Herring	Bhing
Hilsa fish	Pale
(Indian Shad)	Rawas
Indian Salmon	Ghol
Jewfish	Bangada
Mackerel	Dodywa Rawas
Mangofish	Jinga
Prawns	Surai, Surmai
Seerfish	Repti
Sole	

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR MONTHLY COOKERY QUEENS

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00.

- 1) A 5.0 litre all stainless steel KITCHEN-KING Pressure Cooker with 3 separators from INDIA METAL INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A cash prize of RS. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, 3) A 210 mm Fry Pan from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES and 4) A book, "Delightful Chinese Dishes", by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI. Send in your recipes to the Cookery, Eve's Weekly, Bombay.



A discount of 5 per cent offered to Eve's Weekly readers on purchase of KITCHEN KING all stainless steel Pressure Cooker. Contact — Akbarally's with this clipping or phone 541629, Asha Appliances, for your nearest dealer.

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Evidently she is enjoying her own party as much as her guests. Unusual isn't it?

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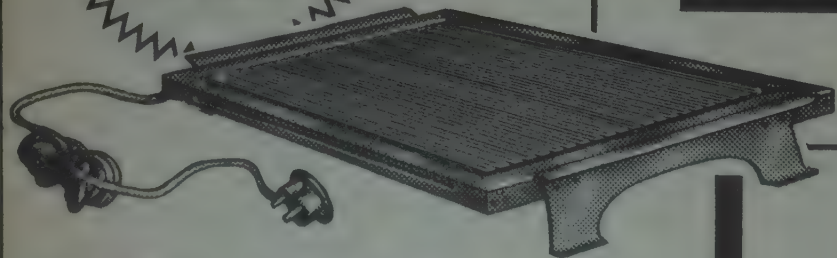


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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Miss Shaheen, Hyderabad.

BAIZA PULLAO MAI MAYWA

- 10 eggs
- 1 kg pullao rice (long grain)
- 50 grams onions
- Small piece cinnamon
- 1 bay leaf
- 4 cloves
- 4 cardamoms
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- Salt to taste
- 4 cups curd
- 9 cloves
- 1 piece cinnamon
- 10 grams saffron
- ¾ kg meat
- ¼ kg minced meat
- 30 grams blanched almonds (optional)
- 30 grams pistachios
- 30 grams cashewnuts
- 30 grams raisins
- GRIND TO A PASTE:
- 200 grams onions
- 1 bunch mint leaves
- 8 green chillis
- 8 cloves garlic
- 1" piece ginger
- 15 grams garam masala
- 30 grams coriander

Wash and cut the meat. Place meat, curd, ground masala with salt in a pan. Cover with water and cook till half done. Heat ghee. Fry cloves and cinnamon. Add gravy, meat and minced meat. Boil this for 10 minutes. Keep aside.

Heat ghee in a separate vessel. Fry bay leaf, cloves, cardamoms, sliced onions to a light brown. Add turmeric, chilli powder, salt and rice with sufficient water. Cover and cook till half done. Boil the eggs. Cut into half lengthwise. Neatly separate the whites from yolks. In a vessel, spread out a layer of the minced meat masala. Over

it spread a layer of dry fruits, followed by the egg layer and finally with the rice layer. Repeat the layer once again, till all the ingredients is used up.

Soak the saffron in four table-spoon of milk. Pour over pullao. Cover the vessel with a thick lid, seal with flour dough. Place live coals on top and bottom and cook till a rich aroma arises. Garnish with fried onions, silver foil and coriander leaves. Serve hot.



Mrs. Jyoti Sohi, 56 APO.

PATIALA SHAHI KHEEMA

- ½ kg kheema
- 100 grams liver, cut into pieces

- ½ cup tomato sauce
- 4 onions, grated
- A few cashewnuts and raisins
- A few flakes garlic
- A few bay leaves
- 1 tsp. coriander powder
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 3 hard boiled eggs
- ½ packet dehydrated peas (Instant)
- 1 tbs. soyabean sauce
- 3 large cardamoms
- A small piece cinnamon
- 2 cms ginger piece
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- ½ tsp. chilli powder
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- Oil to cook

Boil the kheema with bay leaves in one cup of water, till it is cooked. In a karahi, heat oil and add the grated onions. Fry it to a golden brown. Add the cummin and keep stirring. Grind the ginger and garlic to a smooth paste and add to the onions. Mix in salt, chilli powder, coriander powder and garam masala and add to the onions. Now add the liver and fry till masala is cooked. Next grind the cardamoms and cinnamon to a powder and add this to the liver. Add the kheema and keep frying till it is slightly brown. Add water if necessary. Keep stirring till it is done. Add the cashewnuts and raisins. Boil the dehydrated peas till tender and add to the minced meat. Fry for a few minutes. Add the sauces and the vinegar. Stir for a short while. Remove the kheema on to a flat dish and garnish with sliced boiled eggs. Serve hot with naan.

WEEKLY WINNER

CLEOME D'SOUZA, Pune.



Miss D'Souza wins Rs. 50.00 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield, a 1000 ml. coconut oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

ONION SIZZLERS

- 8 medium size onions
- 1 egg
- 4 tbsps. gram flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- ½ tsp. cummin seed powder
- ½ tsp. garam masala
- Ghee for frying
- A pinch of soda-bicarb

FOR THE FILLING:

- 1 kg mutton, minced
- ½ fresh coconut
- 1½ tps. sugar
- 6 green chillis
- A small piece ginger

- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ bunch fresh coriander leaves
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- ¼ tsp. pepper powder
- 2 tps. vinegar
- 2 tps. oil

Boil water in a dekchi. Remove from the fire and put in the onions. Cover the dekchi and let the onions stand for 15 minutes. Remove and peel the skins. Remove the inside portion carefully and separate the layers.

FOR THE FILLING:

Grate the coconut. Chop the ginger and green chillis. Clean and chop the coriander finely. In another dekchi put some oil, along with the turmeric powder, pepper powder and salt. Fry well. Later add in the minced mutton and simmer till mince is done. Sprinkle sugar over the mince along with coconut, coriander, ginger and green chillis.

Rub the inside of the onions with salt, vinegar, pepper and oil. Fill the above mixture in the onion layers and keep aside. Pull the layers together. Make a batter with the gram flour, chilli, turmeric and cummin seed powder. Add soda and garam masala. Beat the egg and add to the batter. Mix well. Dip each stuffed onion into the batter and fry till golden brown.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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Meet Mariamma, Devika, Rose and Celine. They are four Indian nurses, amongst many, hailing from Kerala, gainfully employed and quite happy in their profession. Leaving their homeland over six years ago for what was then the uncertainty of a distant land, they are now fairly settled in West Germany. Having savoured the benefits of living in an affluent society, they now look forward to a life of ease and modest prosperity at least by our own standards. Modest, because their idyllic world was almost given a rude jolt a little over a year ago and things seemed to be coming apart. What went wrong? In a sense nothing, and yet a lot, as their hitherto secure life was caught up in the vortex of the national politics of their host country.

At a time when the Federal Republic of Germany was noticeably short of manpower, especially in the sixties, it engaged hordes of foreign guest workers (*gastarbeiter*) to keep the wheels of industry running and fill such other occupations as were not considered attractive to the native population. In civil works, conservancy services and even hospitals, labour had to be recruited from abroad. Greatly feeling the need for qualified nurses, the government decided to invite a large number of

nurses from Asian countries. The bulk of them came from Korea, the Philippines and particularly India. All went well for over a decade; there was not a whimper from any quarter.

With the changing times, the economy also underwent sizable expansion. The growing prosperity led to more employment opportunities, on the one hand. And, on the other, the rising cost of living made many professions socially acceptable. Nursing proved one of them. In the early seventies, hundreds of young women turned to nursing schools. The fact that these nurses would eventually seek employment on completing their training led to speculation that the ones already employed faced the prospect of being sent home, as the number of positions available would be extremely limited. The argument that they should make room for 'sons (or daughters) of the the soil' seemed too logical to be discounted on any specious grounds. Discrimination on racial grounds? Callousness? So it seemed in the heat of the moment. The axe that seemed ready to fall on nearly 2,500 Indian nurses caused a reverberation in India. And cries of 'betrayal', 'shame', 'injustice' and 'opportunists' rent the skies. The Indian government had to sit up and take notice.

All sorts of colourations were in-

INDIAN NURSES IN GERMANY- a happy exile

M. N. Hebbar

IN THE WAKE OF THE UNEMPLOYMENT SITUATION IN WEST GERMANY THERE WAS THE FEAR THAT THE 2,500 INDIAN NURSES THERE WOULD BE SENT BACK HOME. THE ISSUE WAS SATISFACTORILY SOLVED. THE NURSES STAYED ON

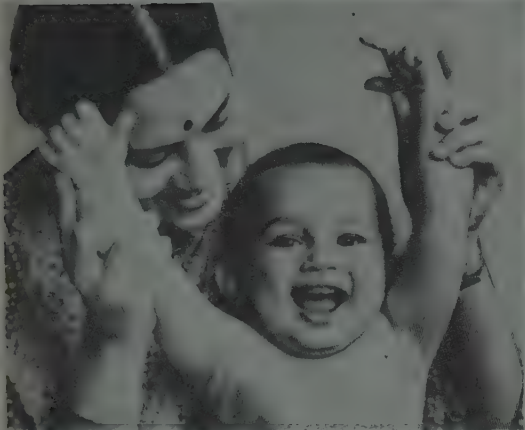
jected into the question. Meeting the problem head-on, some responsible members of the German government discussed the issue threadbare on the possibilities of the nurses continuing in the Federal Republic and also on the need to ensure uniform practices in the various states of the Federal Republic. The Indian government, on its part, sought assurances from the German government that the nurses would not be sent back peremptorily.

The hue and cry raised, coming as it did in the wake of the continuing 'rackets' in the exploitation of Indian labour in the Gulf countries, did nothing for a while to soothe injured feelings or allay suspicion that the Germans had also joined the band of the exploiters, although this may not have been related to the facts of the case. We were ready to give the dog a bad name and just about hang it.

To get at the truth, I met several of these nurses to get their views.

The personal problems faced by these nurses were of a kind that were not exclusive to their profession. The nurses, by and large, are quite happy with their working conditions as well as with the terms of employment. Apparently, what had hung heavily on them was the issue of being forced to leave Germany and return home. This actually hinged on their contractual terms of employment and subsequent renewal as dictated

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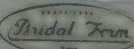
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Home away from home. Many of the nurses are so happy and settled that they do not even want to think of going back to India.

by State policy. Where did the alleged discrimination come in?

Listening to the outpourings of these nurses further, I learnt of their individual problems of adjustment apart from the usual ones of language, food habits and an alien culture. Some of them reflected severe emotional stress and anxiety which they had to undergo in living a life separated from their husbands and even children. In fact, many of their husbands did live in Germany for some time hoping to find suitable employment but to no avail. The unemployment problem in general was considered bad enough without these foreigners adding to it. In Germany there were already over a million unemployed.

On the other hand, there were many who had not only acclimatized themselves to the country of their work but also found themselves German life partners. Their lives were rendered easier since their residence permits were much more easily acquired by such marriages than those who were not so married.

Social and church organizations too had expressed considerable interest in the whole affairs. Notably, Sister Ella of Bombay visited Bonn to see things for herself and offer possible remedies. Her reports, which were in some parts rather inflammatory, did not quite set matters at rest. In her bid to alleviate the conditions of those nurses facing repatriation, Sr. Ella mooted the idea of opening a few hospitals in India to absorb a

few nurses from Germany from time to time. However, some of the nurses I talked to said that they were unlikely to accept Sr. Ella's offer after the lucrative terms they were accustomed to Germany. Many prefer to invest their savings profitably.

Realizing the gravity of the problem, Dr. Joseph Koennen of Caritas, the well-known church body, visited India last year to meet the authorities and unravel the complications. He explained the policy of the German government in respect of the residence status of the nurses and said that those who had stayed five years in Germany had nothing to fear. Even those who had not would be provided with facilities as far as possible to take up suitable and allied occupations. Indeed, the Ministry of Economic Development in Bonn expressed its willingness to train the nurses, if necessary, in other related professions of social services if such training would prove of benefit to them in India. However, there was going to be no fresh recruitment of nurses.

The position was finally and legally confirmed by the German government in the clarification that those nurses who had completed five years of service in Germany had every right to obtain work permits and stay on. A majority of Indian nurses had fulfilled these conditions. Even those who had not were under no actual threat of being sent home. It is this unequivocal attitude that finally cried halt to the controversy.

The working conditions of the nu-

res are quite satisfactory. Besides good pay, they are provided accommodation and meals at subsidized rates. They work for no more than forty hours a week, like everyone else.

There also exists a 'Caritas House' specially designed to cater to the needs and welfare of Indian nurses and their families, in Cologne. Many of the nurses are so happy and settled that they do not wish to think of going back, though they will have to one day.

Contrast this with the relatively poor living conditions that prevail in most of the Gulf countries and the exploitation of Indian labour. The Indian government has done precious little for Gulf Indians. Recently, a five-member delegation led by the Minister for Labour left for a tour of these Gulf countries to look into the wage structure and living conditions of Indian personnel. This is another example of closing the stable door after the horses have bolted, because the construction boom in the Gulf has now ended.

All things considered, the nurses are a more fortunate lot. As one young nurse put it: "The government is making an unnecessary hullabaloo. After all, what are they doing for us and what are they prepared to do if ever we find ourselves back home?"

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ CONTEST-18

1. Marathwada University, Mr. R. K. Laxman.
2. Voltaire.
3. Commdr. Charles Conrad Jr.
4. Guadelupe Island.
5. Methuselah, 969 years old.
6. Spain
7. Close Encounters of the Third Kind.
8. Heartbreak Hotel in 1956.
9. Leon Trotsky.
10. Plays.
11. Expressionist.
12. Richard Sheridan's "The Rivals".

None of our readers was able to submit an all-correct solution to Quiz 18, as was also the case with Quiz 17. The prize amount of Rs. 50 will once again be carried forward, so the winner of Quiz 19 will get a prize of Rs. 150.

If women are no good at things mechanical, it's because we have not tried our hand at it. A guide to a better understanding of gadgets and machines.

Almost all the appliances commonly used in the house use electricity to produce:—

- (a) Heat as in irons, toasters, kettles, etc.
- (b) Light as in bulbs, tubelights.
- (c) Motion as in sewing machines, mixers etc.
- (d) Heat and Motion as in hair dryers.

By far the most commonly used appliances are those that convert electricity into heat and these are the ones that are explained in this article.

PRINCIPLE: Electricity flows through wires much the same way as water flows through a pipe and more electricity can flow through a thicker wire than a thin wire just as more water can flow through a thicker pipe. Whenever electricity passes through any wire, the wire becomes hot. This is because the material through which electricity is passing offers resistance to the flow of electricity. Some materials offer more resistance to electricity than others and consequently become more hot than others. Making use of this property, materials have been developed which get extremely hot when electricity passes through them, but can withstand very high temperatures and do not melt.

The part of the appliance which generates heat in this way is called the 'element' or 'filament' or 'coil', which is made of this heat-resistant type of material.

1) The Electric Iron: There are two types of electrical irons commonly available, viz, the non-automatic type and the automatic type. The basic construction of both types is similar except that the automatic type is fitted with a 'Thermostat' (for explanation see box) of the adjustable type. This thermostat is controlled by a heat control knob which is a circular disc with names of various types of cloth such as cotton, wool, linen, silk or high, low, etc., written on it. Depending upon the material being ironed you set the knob correspondingly. Rayon can be ironed at much lower temperature than cotton. Silk requires slightly higher temperature than rayon and so on. By keeping the knob corresponding to, say, silk you are in fact limiting the temperature of the iron to match the temperature required for ironing silk. There is pilot lamp on the iron which lights up when the iron is switched on and stays 'ON' till the optimum temperature for the setting is reached, at which point the light goes off. (The power, however, is still on.) As you proceed with ironing, after a while the light comes on again. What happens when the pilot lamp is 'OFF' is that no electricity reaches the 'element' and hence no heat is being generated. Consequently, the iron begins to cool till a certain temperature is reached (depending upon the setting i.e. silk, rayon, etc.) after which the pilot lamp lights up again and the iron begins to heat

up till it again reaches the optimum temperature.

The advantage of an automatic iron is that there is very little possibility of overheating and that too only if the thermostat is faulty. And even if the thermostat does get faulty you can check it by a simple test. Set the heat control knob on 'low' and switch on the iron. Note the time (in seconds) taken before the pilot lamp goes

ability of temperature becomes a matter of personal judgment, if at all, and you have to manually switch the iron off and on at suitable intervals. If the iron is not working at all about the only thing which you can find out with ease is whether the wire (or cord) and plug are in order, as was explained in a previous article. If the wire and plugs are indeed OK then the fault would be inside the iron body and it would be

COMMON HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

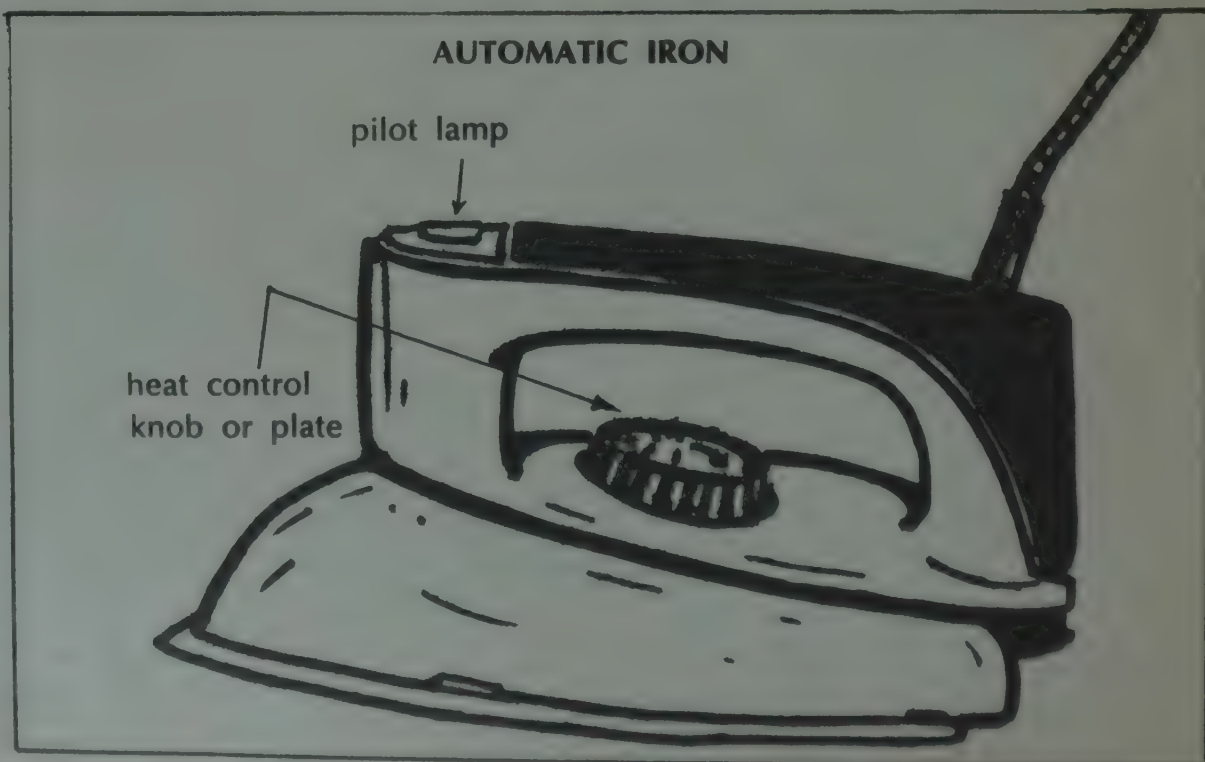
Dilip Bam

off. Now switch off the iron, and keep it away for a couple of hours. Plug it in again, set the heat control knob to 'high' and switch on. Note the time (in seconds again) that elapses between switching on and the pilot lamp's going off. If the time interval required to heat up to 'low' level is appreciably (about one minute) lower than that required to heat it up to 'high' level then you can safely conclude that the thermostat is functioning properly.

In a non-automatic iron there is no thermostat. Consequently, when it is switched on, its temperature goes on rising till the rate of rise of temperature becomes equal to the rate of loss of heat from the iron to the atmosphere. Thus in this type of iron you cannot have different ironing temperatures for different types of fabric and suit-

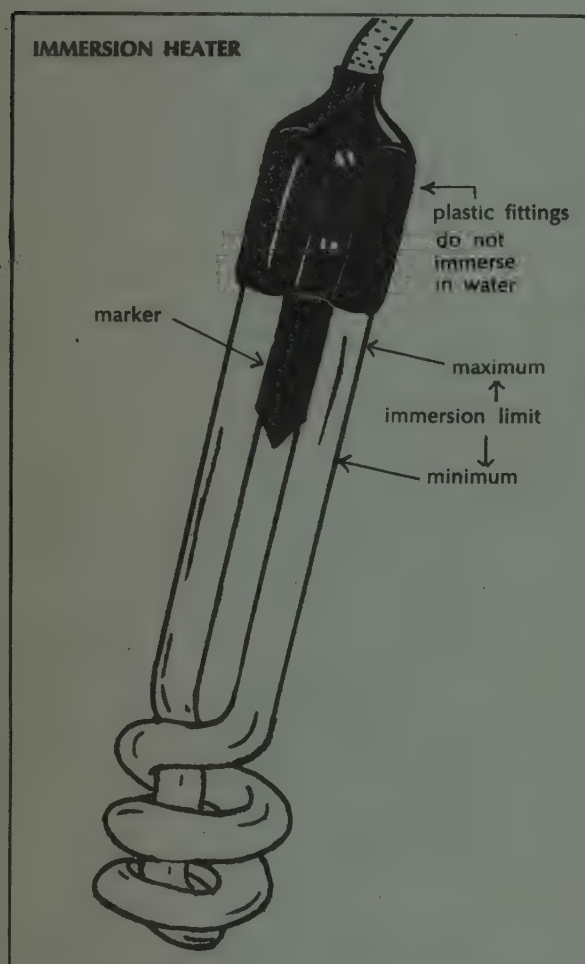
best to get it repaired by an electrician.

Buying An Iron: There are at least a dozen good manufactures of irons in the country today. The price ranges from Rs. 45 for a non-automatic one up to Rs. 160 or more for an automatic one of reputed make. It is always better to buy an automatic one because it precludes the possibility of overheating if accidentally left on. In order to find out if the thermostat is good or not in the shop itself (before buying) plug in the piece you want to buy and switch it on with the control knob (or control disc) on LOW. Wait till the pilot lamp goes off. Now immediately turn the control disc to HIGH, with the switch still on. The pilot lamp should again come on and remain on for about half a minute or more before going off (it is essential that the lamp go OFF after two minutes at the most).



2) Immersion heater: The principle of working of an immersion heater is the same as that of the iron. It is meant only for heating water in a bucket. Just as in the case of an iron, in an immersion heater there is an 'element' (of a different shape) enclosed in a casing suitable for immersion in a bucket.

Things that might go wrong in an immersion heater are also of the same nature as in an iron, viz., the plug or the connecting cord, whose examination and repair is as explained earlier. If the cord and the plug are found to be in order, then either the 'element' has burnt out or broken, in which case it would have to be replaced. The cost of a new element varies from Rs. 10 to Rs. 25 depending on the quality. The

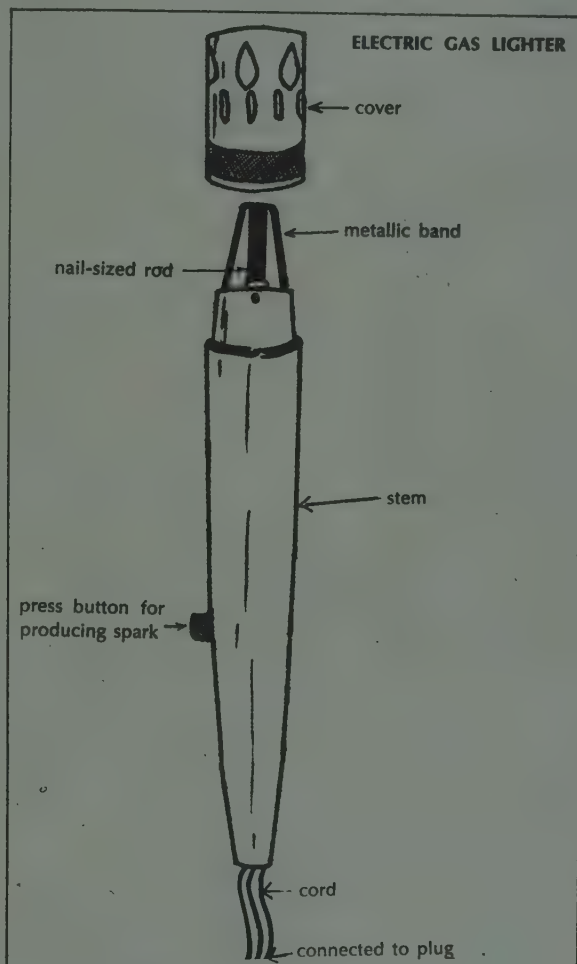


shop from which you buy the replacement element will also fix it for you.

Another very cheap type of immersion heater is available from pavement hawkers. It costs less than Rs. 5 and is very convenient for heating shaving water in a mug. It consists of a metal disc about two inches in diameter held between two plastic discs of the same size by a nut and bolt, with wires attached to it.

PRECAUTION: In either type of immersion heater, never switch it on till it is immersed in water up to the mark. If it is switched on dry, there is danger of the rod getting overheated and of the connecting plastic parts melting. Secondly, always use an immersion heater in a metallic bucket. If used in a plastic bucket, the portion where the heating rod is touching the wall may melt or burn. Thirdly, while heating is in progress do not touch the bucket. There might be a leakage of electricity and you might get a shock.

3) Gas Lighter: With advent of cooking gas for domestic use, electric lighters for lighting the burner have become very common. The basic purpose of these lighters is to produce a strong spark which lights the gas. An electric spark is produced when electricity jumps across a gap between metallic objects. An electric gas lighter is shaped like a rod, at one end of which the spark is produced and at the other end is the connecting cord linked to a plug. At the spark-producing end there is a U-shaped metallic band with a nail-sized rod touching it. Actually this rod is made to touch the band by a spring under the rod in the stem of the lighter. Also incorporated in the stem is an elec-



tromagnetic arrangement so that when you press the button, the band and the nail-like rod move away from each other. Due to this a gap is momentarily produced between them and electricity jumps across this gap producing the spark. However, because of the spring the rod is again pushed against the band, no gap is left and electricity again flows through the contact. Again the rod moves away from the band and a gap is produced and a spark occurs. This process is extremely fast, too fast for the eye to follow. It is impossible to see the motion of the rod.

Apart from checking and repairing the plug there is nothing much you can do, even though opening the cover and taking out the insides is simple enough. Prices range from Rs. 10 to Rs. 30 a piece.

4) Electric Coil Heaters: These heaters were quite common for cooking before the advent of cooking gas. They are still very common in the 'room heater' or 'radiating heater' versions in places where winters are very cold.

These radiating heaters mainly consist of:

- a) Coil or element.
- b) Cylindrical core made of silica or fireclay on which the coil or element is wound.
- c) Polished reflector so that the heat produced by the coil can be focussed in the desired direction.

The core is fitted on the metallic reflector by screws or by rivets. The two ends of the coil element are clamped under small metallic screws much the same way as inside a plug. These two small screws are mounted on two separate metallic strips insulated from each other. At the other end of these metallic strips are two more screws to which the two leads of the cord are connected. This is the cord through which electricity comes via the plug. The only possible defect could be the coil burning off in which case it has to be replaced. Coil prices range from Rs. 10 to Rs. 40 depending on shape, size and quality.

Thermostat: Thermostat literally means 'constant temperature'. Its function is to keep the iron at a constant temperature, or rather to ensure that the temperature does not exceed (or fall below) a fixed limit. It achieves this purpose by switching on the current when temperature falls below a fixed limit and switching the current off when the temperature exceeds that limit. A 'constant' thermostat operates only at one temperature whereas an 'adjustable' or 'variable' thermostat operates at many temperature settings.

THE ISI MARK

To ensure that manufacturers maintain some standard of quality, the Government of India has established the Indian Standards Institution or ISI for short. This Institution has laid down quality standards for most appliances as also for such items as condensed milk, sewing thread and practically every commodity that one can buy in the market. If a manufacturer desires to have ISI certification for his goods, the ISI thoroughly tests the goods to ensure that they conform to the specifications laid down. Only then is the ISI mark awarded. Of course, it does not mean that goods that do not have the ISI mark are not good. Some manufacturers are so well-known for their quality already that their brand name itself is a guarantee of quality. But in the absence of such a well-known brand name (which are very rare anyway) it is always better to buy goods with the ISI mark.

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MARCH 12, 1979

SHE woke up suddenly in the middle of the night. It happened often to her nowadays. Today, the moonlight was streaming in through the window. She lay bathed in it. Blast-ed thing, she thought. Now she would find it difficult to get back to sleep again. She would lie awake, thinking those most painful, shameful thoughts that seemed to obtrude on her so often these days.

She looked enviously at her brother on the other bed. He was sprawled all over it, his sheets in magnificent disarray. He mumbled something in sleep. His dreams seemed to be pleasant . . . must be making a century at Wankhede Stadium, she thought with the righteous scorn of an elder sister. But then, she also thought with a touch of wistfulness, he looks so clean and young and . . . in-

a part of growing up

Meetu & Easwar

EVERY TIME SHE WENT TO THE LIBRARY, SHE LONGED FOR HIM TO BE THERE. SHE WOULD LOOK AROUND FOR HIS TALL FIGURE. HE WAS ALWAYS THERE



nocent, while I . . . I too had dreamt such innocent dreams once. And yet, what had she done? Nothing!

I'll keep my eyes open, she told herself. Try not to sleep or dream. No use! Even with her eyes open she could see his face, his smile, still hear his deep voice say "Hello." That was the first thing he had said to her. She had been poring over the

books, wondering whether to risk a new author, or stick to an old favourite. "Hello," said a deep voice. She looked up. The sun was in her eyes, and all that she could see was a tall figure. She felt ridiculously small. "Hello," she half-smiled, wondering who he was. A family friend? A friend's father? No, not old enough for that!

"No, you don't know me," he answered the query on her face. She relaxed a little, but was wary, confused. Why was he talking to her? Lately, she had found that talking to boys or men was distasteful to her. At times, she even disliked her

own father with a wild, unreasonable abandon.

"Hello," she made a belated response, unable to remain unfriendly in the face of his twinkling, friendly charm.

"I saw you poring over Jane Austen," he explained. "That made me curious. I teach Literature, you see. And I've never found any kids who read her."

I am not a kid; I am 14, she wanted to say.

He saw the expression on her face. "Are you in college?" he said. She was pleased, but had to say, "No, in school." Then she hastily added, "This is my last year."

"You enjoy Jane Austen?"

She did not dare confess that she found her rather dull. "Yes."

"So do I," he smiled, the smile making them both equals.

She stood there awkwardly, wondering what to say next, whether to get away. She felt deliciously grown-up to be standing there, discussing literature . . . or at least, to be talking about books . . . with a man like him. He looked so suave, so confident of himself, so different from the scruffy-haired boys, pimply and awkward, who seemed to come her way.

"I've seen you here before," he said.

"I come here every week," she said.

"Do you? When do you get time for studies?"

"Oh! studies!" She wrinkled her nose, and he laughed. She



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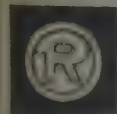
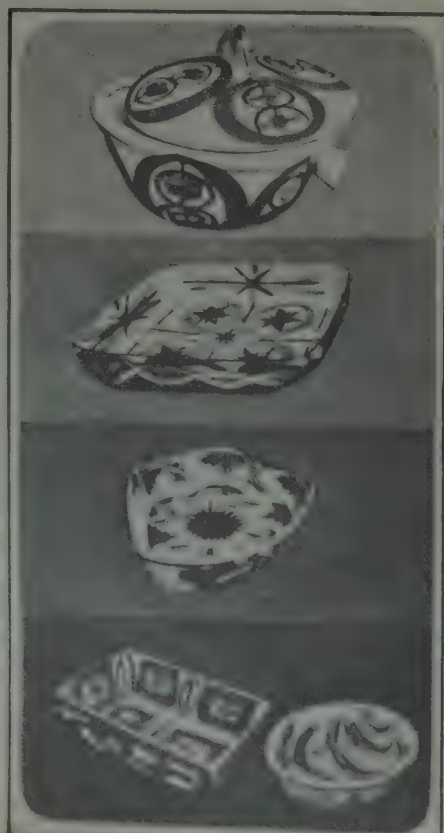
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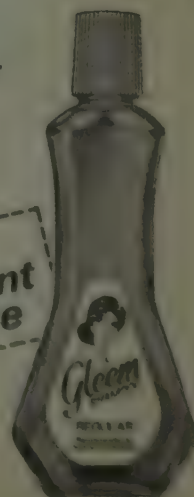
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laughed too, relieved, and for the first time the gravity of her face broke into a sparkling newness. She stopped suddenly, realising that he had stopped laughing and was looking at her intently. It made her uncomfortable, that look. She blushed furiously, but at the same time something in her revelled in it. She rubbed one foot against the other awkwardly. I wish he wouldn't, she thought. I don't like people looking at me like that. His look seemed to take in the whole of her, including her burgeoning figure, which was both her delight and torment. Her heart beat faster. I must go, she thought in a kind of animal panic. And again... how manly he looks! And she stayed where she was.

It was difficult to make her talk. She was uneasy and confused. At times she broke into a quick patter of words. She had strange thoughts. She thought of the gang of boys who followed her and her friends with rude remarks and whistles. She also remembered the furtive glances and hungry eyes that followed her sometimes. Older men. And the horrible groping hands in the crowds. Which made her sick. This... this was different. She felt a tingling sensation down to her toes. She felt as if she was going up in a swing. She was already feeling breathless and light-headed.

She went home exhilarated. She tossed the books carelessly on her bed. She even condescended to bowl a few balls to her brother.

"Why are you so late?" her mother wanted to know. "Did you meet anyone?"

"No," she said hesitantly. Then, "no," she repeated firmly. Will I meet him again, she wondered. She did. How does he know when I'm here? "Do you come here everyday?" she said.

"No," he laughed. "Only when you do."

That frightened her. Is he following me, and is this what they always warn about? She thought of her mother's veiled warnings and dire remarks with disgust. Surely, he is not like that. Nevertheless, she was stiff with him, until he melted her with his frank friendliness. She began to chat with him. She spoke freely to him as she rarely did with anyone else. She had a strange feeling that to him she was a real person, which you almost never were to

a part of growing up

grown-ups. He never spoke down to her. He listened gravely to her chatter, bursting into delighted laughter at her naivete. A look in his eyes, a word, would stop her. She would remember the furtive hands and whispered talk.

And yet, every time she went to the library, she longed for him to be there. She would look around for his tall figure. He was always there. Except for one dreadful day, when she dragged herself home through a world of darkness and gloom. When he saw her and smiled, she had to control herself from rushing to him. When he came near, she would delight in the strange, tormenting odour of perspiration, tobacco and after-shave, which she forever associated with him. Sometimes, at night, in her own room, she would get a whiff of it, and she would bury her head in the pillow. Sometimes, without any reason, she cried. Tears came to her easily these days. A skipped lecture, an untidy room... these did not seem to matter so much. "What's the matter with you?" her mother cried out. "Too much reading, neglecting your studies. I must stop your library business."

"She's getting mushy," her young brother sniffed contemptuously, as she took to gazing at the moon. They ridiculed her and she raged, longing to run away from home, where no one understood her. She hated their coarseness. She had developed a loathing of being touched. She wanted to be spiritual. Yet, she dreamt of close embraces and passionate kisses. She looked at film posters and other pictures with a new awareness, and a strange, tormenting curiosity.

In her impatience to look and 'be' grown-up, she took to wearing sarees at home. One

day her father looked up as she entered. "Why!" he exclaimed in surprise, "I thought it was your mother..." For no reason at all, a panic sprang in her. "I am not a mother," she angrily declared, flung off her saree, and spent the next hour in the most tomboyish pranks.

She wrote poems. "Shall I ever see them?" he teased. "No," she said wildly, remembering all that she had written.

"I'm more than double your age," he said to her casually once. It meant little to her. She remembered some novel she had read before. That Mr. Rochester in *Jane Eyre*? Hell, no, wasn't that man ugly?

Later, when she tried to visualize him, she could not recall a single feature. But now, she saw him through a haze. At times, such a glow of adoration would suffuse her that she would clutch herself in silent ecstasy. And at times it was sheer misery. "Toothache?" her mother asked her sympathetically. "No," she replied fiercely.

"Coming for a drive?" he asked her one day. She was suddenly frightened. She looked at him warily. "Come on, I won't eat you," he said with a disarming gentleness. Then she was ashamed of herself. When she sat in the car she sighed in pure delight. This was wonderful. This was being grown-up. Little shivers of pleasure shot through her. She wished some of her friends could see her. She sat up proudly. Then she thought of her mother and slumped down dejectedly. He was silent. She wondered why. She looked at his hands on the steering wheel. And such a passion of desire overcame her to touch him, his fingers, just once... She put her hand gently, softly, on his. Surprised, he turned. She drew back, frightened by the look on his face. "I... I... I... was just..." Her voice broke and she could not go on. He stopped the car. Gravely he took both her hands in his. She trembled at his touch and looked at him helplessly. Tears began rolling down her cheeks. She was ashamed of herself, but she could not stop. She wanted more than anything to get away, from this loathsome place, and this man, to her friends where they could solve geometry problems, gossip about teachers and film stars, and chew gum.

"I want to go home," she said, her voice, suddenly, almost dry. Still silent, he let her out. She walked away without look-

ing back. He sat as he was for a long time, and then abruptly, angrily, started the car and drove away.

For a long time she did not go to the library. She stayed at home, avoiding even her friends, and alternating between bouts of hysterical weeping and senseless giggles with her brother. Her parents looked at her with concerned faces. The family doctor prescribed her a tonic. She had a feeling of guilt towards them, and even hated them.

Then one day, she came across a quotation: "This bud of love," she read fascinated, "by summer's ripening breath, may prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

Who said that? Oh, Juliet! Well, it could be true. And she went back to the library her usual way. She was scared, plain scared. If I meet him, what shall I do? she thought. But he may not be there. And her heart dropped down at the thought.

He was there. Her heart seemed to go lower than her toes. Desperately, she buried her face in a book. Any book. Just to hide her face. Her face burning, she stayed hidden for some time. Then, cautiously, she peeped over the top of her book. Oh, there he was still. Talking to someone, a man of his own age. But this other one was not half as splendid. There's no one like him, she thought, her eyes wide open, her gaze fixed unwaveringly on him. They seemed to be arguing quietly, but vehemently. Once he laughed, and she thought she would die. Her legs felt weak. Her breath came faster. Then they began walking her way. Oh no, she thought. She had an impulse to move away behind one of those book-cases. To hide herself. No, she said to herself. I must look at him once. Petrified, unable to move away, she turned an agonized glance on him as they came up to her. To her horror, he just looked through her... right through her.

For a time, she seemed to swim in darkness. Then she came to herself. She clutched the book to her heart and wondered at the pain she felt there. She remembered herself asking her mother once, "Amma, when will I grow up?"

This... this pain... she told herself now, in a flash of instinctive knowledge... this is growing up.

Rose Noire



Pepper Shine



Rich
Chocolate

Maple Shine



Rose Noire

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Rich
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RAJESH KHANNA:

STILL SUPER WITHOUT THE CROWN

Vijaya Irani



Rakesh Shrestha

Rajesh has pulled many professional manoeuvres in his days as Superstar, most of them in his attempt to retain the crown. 'Phenomenon' and all those labels that the press showered on him, the public adulation... he saw it all like some monarch — the weight of his crown swelling his head and the 'darbar' of friends adding to his exclusiveness.

Things have changed for Rajesh, but the royal streak still remains. "Maybe I've always had it," he says giving one of his famous sunny smiles. "Stardom and superstardom only helped to focus it and of course develop it in a bigger way, I guess. I have always thought in terms of grand, unique, even extravagant things. Not so much for myself as for my family, my friends. I like to see my near ones living in the best style possible... and never wanting in any way.

Wife Dimple talks endlessly about this trait of Rajesh — his extravagance over those dear to him. "Our wedding was such a rushed affair. I was busy finishing the only film I've done, *Bobby*, and was away in Pune, too far to supervise the details of my trousseau, etc. When I came

back I saw an entire wardrobe of the choicest sarees, complete with cholis, petticoats to match and the correct jewellery to go with each outfit kept ready by my husband-to-be. He is still doing things in his grand away — he hasn't changed one bit. Yes, indeed, he has this royal streak in him. But one thing is also to be remembered — his simplicity when it comes to himself. He wants simple clothes, usually a white shirt-trouser outfit or a silk lungi-kurta. But he mustn't see me or the children running around in sloppy clothes — he wants us dressed and shining all our waking hours!"

Mealtimes in the Khanna household show a festive spread, especially when Rajesh is at home. Rajesh usually insists that at least fifteen dishes be prepared. Rajesh himself takes only a dal and roti and a vegetable, while he pushes giant helpings into his wife's plate and those of the casual guest or two.

He presented Dimple with the only Lotus sports-ter in India for her birthday. The little beauty guzzles 93 octane fuel, which means it costs a fortune to keep her on the road!

At work once he saw a colleague whom he had begun to like, lighting a cigarette with an ordinary lighter. The next day that person was thrilled to receive a Gold Dunhill from Rajesh.

"My life was one big rush of films, more than I could handle, of friends that coloured my world and of happenings which could only lead to the inevitable: a bad reputation as a troublesome star, a difficult artiste to get on with, etc. But as I've always said, it is the work that matters. Work keeps you busy and it helps to live down any kind of reputation pinned on you by anyone."

How is it that his reputation as a Good Samaritan has never got around? There are many in the film world who owe their very existence to Rajesh Khanna. He doesn't talk of it; nor do they. So how could such stories circulate?

Now Rajesh has made new friends, some of whom used to "keep away" from him in the days of his superstardom. Rajesh says he

is confident the high days will come back. Even if they don't, he knows that the only person to lay claim on the label 'Superstar' will always be Rajesh Khanna.

"Whatever I do, I will be in the news," he tells me as a plain fact. "Even if I don't do anything they make news out of it — like they finished me off as having no film assignments, etc. I don't do triple-shifts because I have deliberately changed my work-style. I refuse to be pushed around by an endless flow of commitments which are impossible to keep, especially with our system being as it is."

He made a big news flash recently when he threw a lavish party for one of the Mirza Brothers who had got married. It was just his usual royal streak — a warm gesture extended in grand style. But it came in for a lot of talk. Why does Rajesh Khanna have to throw a reception-party to celebrate the Mirza wedding? "Dammit, why can't he? For friends I'd do anything. That is my way, call it what you will!"

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"Concepts are like elements in a kaleidoscope; they change each time they're tested." A characteristic statement for Raksha Mehta, whose book *The Song of a Thousand Names* attempts to portray the thousand different attributes of Vishnu in a series of drawings that are visually different yet contain the same essence. An attractive young graphic artist and designer who has been living in London for the past fourteen years, Raksha retains a deep involvement in the religion and culture that are her heritage.

"Of the three principle deities of Hinduism — Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver and Shiva the Destroyer — Vishnu is the deity I seem to relate best to," says Raksha. "The Vishnusahasranama, a Vedic hymn describes his various qualities. My book combines Sanskrit slokas with a series of drawings that attempt to convey that complexity and diversity are part of his integral wholeness."

Before she left for England, Raksha had no special interest in religion or Indian culture. At college she experimented in several directions trying to find an outlet for her creative energies:

RAKSHA MEHTA

an artist's view of VISHNU



"But it was only after I left for England that so many latent aptitudes surfaced. Suddenly I felt deprived of the culture that I had taken for granted as part of my environment and for the first time I realized how much it meant to me. I started studying Sanskrit and classical Indian music, and found myself getting

more and more immersed in them. Surprising as it sounds, I developed deeper roots after getting away from the country. Today while I recognize that though I could never adjust to living here again (all my adult life I've been used to a much freer lifestyle) I am more Indian in my outlook than before."

Professionally Raksha trained as a painter and a graphic artist. "For several years I learnt the techniques and technicalities of art — the use of space and colour, drawing, print-making, etc. But I hadn't discovered my identity as an artist. This only came later in a subtle, subconscious way as my work took me over. My drawings became smaller and I moved from large canvases to graphics. Suddenly I realized that I was painting the same form along different dimensions. What emerged was a set of drawings that are all different and yet linked together as if they were charged with a single energy. Gradually I became aware that my Sanskrit studies were spilling over into my painting, and that I was portraying what to me were abstract images of Vishnu."

Though an idealist and a dreamer, Raksha is forced to face the practical business of living in a highly commercial and competitive world. She runs her own business, designing handmade canvas bags in London. "People ask me why I don't have the bags made in India and only market them in London. The profits would be much higher. But it seems unfair to exploit cheap labour just because it's available. And, anyway, if Westerners have the money why shouldn't they pay a fair price? a price they have to pay their own labour anyway? The Gujarati business community to which my family belongs consider me some kind of freak with this mentality. They can't believe that money can be really meaningless to anyone."

Her priorities are different, her lifestyle is different. Yet roots remain a binding link. Artist, designer, singer, Sanskrit student, business woman, all various aspects of the same personality. For as she says "when you have something to say, saying it is more important than which means of self-expression you use."

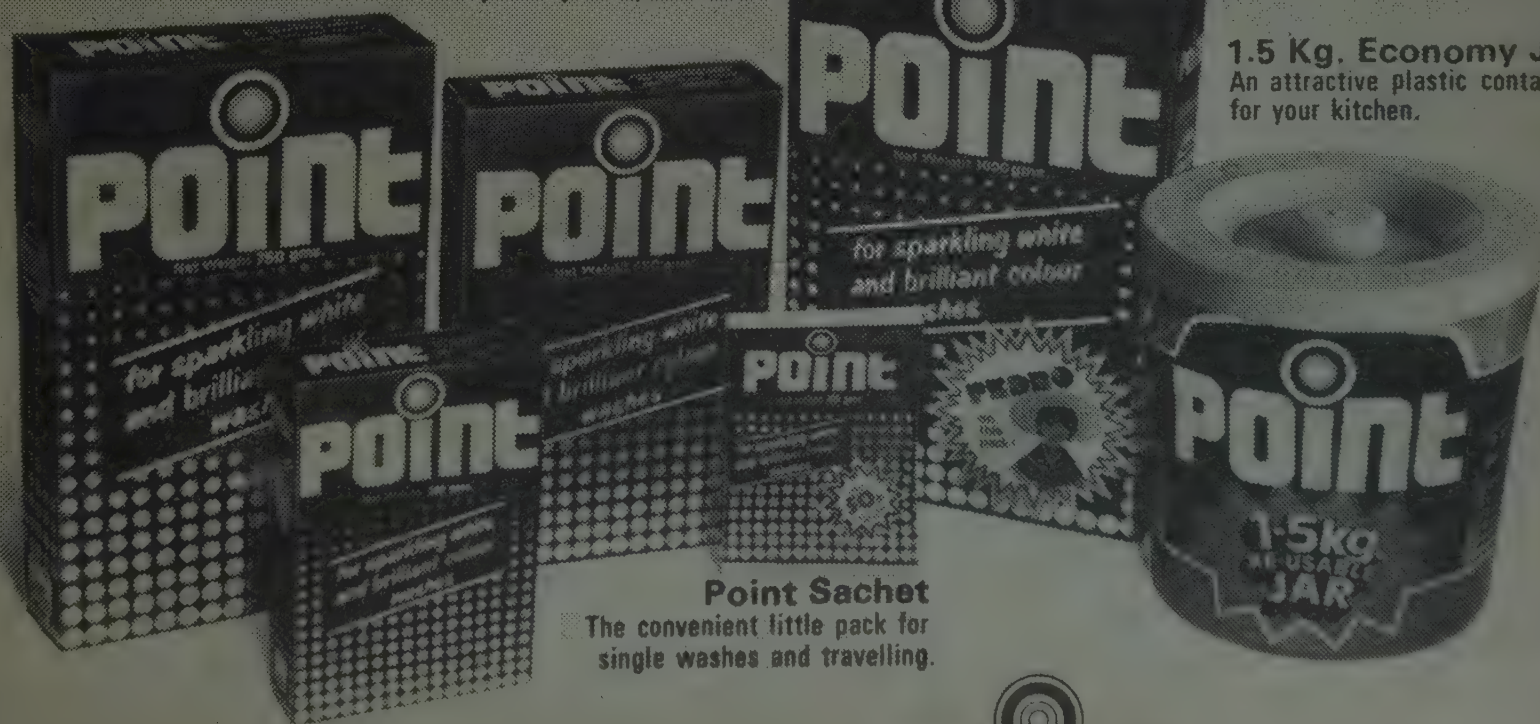
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LANGUAGE IS FOR COMMUNICATION...

but which language?

OPPOSITION TO 'IMPOSITION' IN KARNATAKA

Bangalore is as cosmopolitan a city as any in India. Apart from the local Kannadigas perched on every professional and social rung and engaged in a wide spectrum of economic activity, you have strong Tamil and Telugu representation on the labour force, cigarette stalls owned by Keralites, a fair sprinkling of shops and commercial establishments owned by India's book-keeping communities of Sindhis, Marwaris and Gujaratis. Add to this the cosmopolitan Indian army which has a large base in Bangalore and Anglo-Indians living in Cox Towns and Frazer Towns, and you have a canvas of very hue and shade.

Bang on the intersection of M.G. Road and Bridge Road — Bangalore's Colaba Causeway — is "Kaveri", an Arts and Crafts Emporium run by the Mysore State Government. Speaking Hindi or English with equal ease, salesgirl Sandra Correia — a Goan who studied in Delhi — caters to a varied clientele. Unlike the Hindiwallas at the Centre, the Karnataka State Government does not make a pre-condition of a knowledge of Kannada, and Sandra is now picking up Kannada voluntarily.

Interviewing a cross-section of society about "The possible imposition of Hindi and its probable impact on you," I found that most people were opposed not to Hindi but its imposition, not to Hindi as a language in their educational curriculum but to Hindi as a "green card" to jobs and careers, particularly in the Central Government. If Hindi is imposed on Karnataka the protest may not take the form of policemen-killed-trains-stopped-buses-burnt as in neighbouring Tamil Nadu. But Hindi will remain a burning issue. A heart-burning one.

Students of Mount Carmel College feel it's a bit too late to impose Hindi on Karnataka. "Hindi has no roots in South India," says Indira Sastri. "Th-

ough it may be good for national cohesiveness, it will work only if it is implemented right from the nursery, stage upwards." Agreeing with Indira, Judith Roby added, "It's a beautiful language, but does not as yet have the vocabulary to be used as a medium of instruction or communication."

Mrs. Shakuntala Bhusnormath, a lecturer in Hindi at the same college, says that the student community is unwilling to learn



Sandra Correia

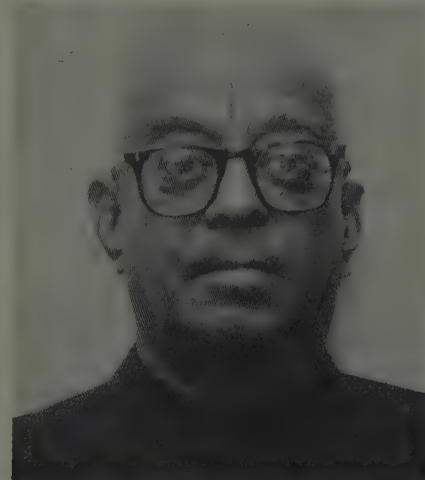
Hindi because of a "mental block." "Hindi has a wide vocabulary and is a growing language. If our fathers could learn English which was a foreign tongue to them, I don't see why we can't learn our national language."

South Indians have their own ethnicity, their own languages, their own identity. Imaginary or real, the fear exists that the imposition of Hindi would mean more than super-imposing an alien language.

A. J. Ranganath views it as the subjugation of the South by the North and asks, "Could the Janata Government make Hindi compulsory if the South had more representation in Parliament? If India is not to be one country divided by the same language, and if the Janata party is keen on itself and Hindi gaining even a foothold over here, it better forget the imposition of Hindi." Not so articulate, but just as emphatic, auto-rickshaw driver Shanmugam warns, "Gala-

ata ho jaayega." ("All hell will break loose.")

Dr. H. Narasimaiah, ex-Vice-Chancellor of Bangalore University, vociferous critic of Satya Sai Baba, and presently principal of Bangalore's National College says, "Educationists all over the world favour the mother tongue as the medium of instruction. English can remain as India's 'window to the west' and ultimately Hindi may be acceptable once the non-learning of the



V. K. Narasiman



Judith Roby

language does not affect professional careers. I tell student agitators jokingly, 'You agitate against Hindi until 2.30. . . then go for a Hindi film at 3 o'clock'."

Indeed, houseful sign-boards, a flourishing black-market, whistles of welcome for Amitabh Bachchan, sighs for sexy Zeenat, are proof enough that the Hindi film industry does more for propagating the language than all the Hindi pushing politicians put together.

Our host Mr. S. A. Kelekar, a businessman manufacturing perfumes and flavours, told us that during Test match commentaries, many people turn off their transistors when the Hindi commentators takes over. But ultimately, the Sushil Doshis, the Jasdev Singhs and Joga Raos will do more than conveying the latest score. They will transplant a language, for sport, like music, has no language barriers.

Mr. V. K. Narsiman, Editor of



Indira Sastri

the 'Deccan Herald' says, "By imposing Hindi, the leaders of the Hindi States will condemn their own Hindi-speaking people to perpetual backwardness. They will be perpetuating their own backwardness because the land-locked Hindi heartland will have no incentive to learn any other language, while people on the coast will learn Hindi in addition to their own tongue, besides having the advantage or constant exposure to foreign languages through trade and commercial activity."

And finally, as Devraj Urs, Chief Minister of Karnataka pointed out in an interview with 'India Today', "The solution? I think it lies in the gradual adoption of the three-language formula. I am sure that in a generation or two, we will be able to find a solution to the problem provided no force is used. . . In the ultimate analysis, the language problem has to be solved, not imposed."

Bharat Savur

LANGUAGE IS FOR COMMUNICATION...

IN KERALA, IT'S 'ENGLISH OR MALAYALAM?'

Should Hindi become the sole official and national language? Would the regional languages be effective substitutes for English in educational and other areas?

As far as Hindi is concerned, Keralites have a fairly unanimous opinion — that Hindi has already got its fair share of the Indian language scene and to impose it as the only national and official language would be unfair and impractical. The argument that it is a means of strengthening national ties does not hold water and in fact there is a danger of the opposite taking place.

Dr. Chandrasekhar Nair of T. V. M. Dental College feels that as Hindi is spoken by only about 30 per cent of the Indian population there is no reason why it should be given a higher status than other languages. The contention that people from South India may find it difficult to adjust in the North is regarded as irrelevant. According to the headmistress of Nirmala Bhava Girls' School, Trivandrum, the Hindi taught in schools and colleges of Kerala is sufficient to enable Keralites to get by in any part of Hindi-speaking India.

Students too expressed similar views, thus making it fairly clear that should Hindi attempt to leap the bounds set for it in Kerala, it will certainly not receive a warm welcome.

The real tug of war is between Malayalam and English. The idea of Malayalam replacing English in official and educational areas is received with mixed feelings — vehement protest and staunch support.

Those against the domination of Malayalam feel that, in the educational field especially, English is a must. Mr. Mathews, a Reader in the Botany Department of the Kariavattom University Centre, says that the sole use of Malayalam in fields such as the scientific is impractical. Malayalam does not have adequate scientific terms. And the coining of words and translations into Malayalam are too slow to keep pace with the rapid scientific advances. Again, most of the foreign reference books are either writ-

ten in or translated into English. If students are unable to avail themselves of these, their education will undoubtedly suffer.

The argument that students from Malayalam-medium schools find it difficult to adjust in an English-medium college is relevant. However, the standard of English in colleges is not so high that students who have had Eng-

a student of dentistry. However, he feels that although the switch-over to Malayalam may be culturally beneficial, in the present economic condition of the state, it would be "a foolish and dangerous thing to do".

There is also the feeling that the plan of switching over to regional languages is a political gimmick. Many students have registered protest against the whole idea.

Anitha, a post-graduate student in economics, suggests that

The general opinion is that both English and Malayalam be used. According to Dr. Madhavan Kutty, Principal of Trivandrum Medical College, "Today we are essentially bilingual. Nobody talks only in Malayalam or only in English. Thus, both languages can be used to advantage and a knowledge of both is essential. Pupils should be given the choice of answering in either language and both languages could be used in the classroom to clarify doubts. The overall feeling is that though the existing system is not perfect, it is the best of all the alternatives."

The advocates of the change-over to Malayalam, however, feel that the indispensability of English is being greatly exaggerated. Mr. K. Gopalakrishnan, manager of the Headquarters, Vigilance Department, Trivandrum, maintains that the reluctance to dispense with English is due to snobbery, the feeling that a knowledge of English makes one superior, and that we cannot do without the language. This idea is without a concrete basis. In official areas where only Malayalam is being used things are proceeding as smoothly as before. English should be treated on the same level as Russian, French, German or any other foreign language. Those who wish to go abroad can learn English privately.

The protest that there are no job opportunities if only the regional language is known is met with the argument that the aim of Indian education should be to prepare people to serve the needs of India and not of another country. The man on the street is more familiar with the regional language — thus the use of the regional language in official and educational areas would be more helpful to him than English would be. It was also pointed out that one of the main reasons for our cultural disintegration, and the brain drain is the extensive teaching of English. The use of regional languages would create a greater cultural and national feeling and thus help towards the advancement and prosperity of India.

One finds that on the whole the student population is not noticeably enthusiastic about a complete switchover. This may be partly because the transition period is bound to be difficult, and no one is prepared to be a guinea pig.

Elizabeth Zachariah

(Tamil Nadu report on page 61)



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lish as a second language cannot eventually adjust. Several Malayalam-medium students prefer English in colleges. In fact, students generally seem to favour instruction in English, a major reason for this being the hope of employment.

To many young Keralites the brightest chances of employment and earning a livelihood lie abroad. Thus a knowledge of English becomes a must — not a matter of choice.

"If the government can guarantee a good job for me in Kerala after I graduate, I am prepared to accept Malayalam as a medium of instruction," says Sajeev,

an experiment be carried out with a group of students whose complete education has been in Malayalam. If they adjust and have no difficulties with jobs then the regional language formula could be made universal.

It is felt that to remove English completely would be to isolate ourselves from the rest of the world. In fact, English can no longer be regarded as a foreign language, and much of the prejudice against it lingers on only in the minds of the older generation, who perhaps regard it as the last symbol of the British Raj.

Abortion remains the most widely used method of birth control. A recent estimate puts the annual global total of women who abort at 45 million — equal to the population of Turkey, the Philippines, or Thailand. In 1971, the International Planned Parenthood Federation reviewed abortion in 87 countries, mainly in the Third World, and found that for every ten live births four abortions were performed.

The majority of pregnancy terminations are still performed illegally. This can be a perilous procedure — untrained personnel, poor equipment, or unsanitary conditions often lead to serious complications. Throughout the world, some 150,000 women die each year from illegal abortions.

The termination of pregnancy is inextricably interwoven with religion. The Roman Catholic Church remains intransigent, and its teaching on this subject in recent years, particularly since the publication of the Papal Encyclical HUMANE VITAE in 1968, has tended to become even less liberal. On the other hand, the Hindu and Moslem religions have shown much more flexibility and now view abortion as acceptable in certain circumstances.

Since 1960, liberalization of abortion laws at the global level has outpaced other major social changes. Surprisingly, proponents of birth control are not predominantly responsible for this development. Rather it stems from concerns for maternal health.

About 60 per cent of the world population live in countries with liberal abortion laws. In China, the U.S., Denmark, Tunisia, and Singapore, abortion on request is obtainable during the first three months of pregnancy. In Britain, Japan, India, and nations of the Eastern bloc, social factors such as economic circumstances, housing conditions, marital relationships, or the number of living children may help determine whether a pregnancy should be terminated.

The remaining 40 per cent of humanity are less fortunate. Afghanistan and Saudi Arabia fail to even mention abortion in their legal code or penal laws. In Guatemala, the United Arab Emirates, Chile, Argentina, and Peru, abortion is allowed only if the woman's physical health is considered at risk. Argentina, Cameroon, and El Salvador permit abortion if the pregnancy resulted from rape or incest.

ABORTION'S QUANTUM ADVANCE

John A. Loraine

THE WORLD
OVER THERE IS A GRADUAL
LIBERALIZATION OF
ABORTION LAWS. PUBLIC
CONCERN FOR
MATERNAL HEALTH IS
PROVING
STRONGER THAN RELIGIOUS
PROHIBITIONS

In Western Europe, abortion is in a state of flux. In 1974, after stormy debate, France passed a law authorizing abortion on request during the first ten weeks of pregnancy. Germany also passed a more liberal law in 1974, but the law was declared unconstitutional. In Italy the Chamber of Deputies, bowing to public pressure, passed a liberal abortion law early last year, but the Senate defeated it, and the issue will probably be put to a referendum.

In Belgium, the Philippines, Colombia, Eire, Haiti, Panama, Liberia, and Zaire, all abortions are illegal. Belgian women flock to other Western European countries to have their pregnancies terminated, or they seek the services of backstreet abortionists. In the Netherlands and in Taiwan, the law explicitly forbids abortion except to save a woman's life; yet clinics provide it on request during the

first three months of pregnancy, and the standard of medical care is high.

Eastern bloc countries, except for Albania, have liberal abortion laws. East Germany had a depopulation problem when many of its citizens sought sanctuary in the West, but after construction of the Berlin Wall a more confident government liberalized its abortion laws. Czechoslovakia and Hungary made their abortion laws more restrictive early in the 1970s — but, considered in the global setting, they remain liberal. Bulgaria liberalized its abortion statutes in 1974. Rumania, having experienced a sharp increase in illegal abortions and in maternal mortality following restrictive legislation in 1966, is moving towards liberalization.

In Britain the abortion situation is tranquil after years of turbulence. Following a liberalizing 1967 act, the powerful Society for the Protection of the Unborn Child failed to push a restrictive bill through Parliament. The medical profession has reversed its anti-abortion position of the 1960s but has a new set of concerns: the uneven quality of abortion services, difficulties in some parts of the country in patients obtaining abortions under the National Health Service, and tendencies of gynaecological specialists to dictate abortion policy.

In *Syndromes of the Seventies* I wrote that liberal abortion laws at the global level were here to stay. This is welcome for two reasons: the first is a woman's inalienable right to decide what happens to her own body; the second is an overcrowded planet in which national population policies and liberal abortion laws are essential.

CALLING MALE ATTENTION

Do you have any grouses against women? Do you feel they get a better deal in life than you? Do you think they can and do use their "feminine wiles" to get exactly what they want and that society seems to be organized in their favour (e.g. reserved seats in buses, ladies' compartments in trains, ladies' queues for tickets, special concessions in working hours at factories, business enterprises, etc.)? Do you feel women have any other advantages over you? If you harbour any resentments against women, do write in to us. Your write-up should be typed, approximately 200 words long and not anonymous. It should reach our office by March 31, latest. Unpublished write-ups will not be returned unless accompanied with adequate postage.

BOMBAY

Chandrika Vasudeva and Chocha Thapar of Sai Gavicci, Delhi, recently held an exhibition of leather, chrome and cane furniture at the Taj Mahal Hotel. On view were collapsible beds, tables which could be adjusted to different styles and sizes (one coffee table was made up of four poufs), marble side tables with mother-of-pearl inlay, plant holders and a host of other unusual accessories. In Italian styles and a range of mellow colours, they were well-finished by deft craftsmen. The furniture is now being exported to Paris and Kuwait.

Sai Gavicci was given the National Award by the President in 1976. It has several exhibitions to its credit including one in Paris in 1977.

Fifteen hundred children from ninety schools took part in an "On the spot drawing competition" held under the International Year of the Child Programme, at the D.S. High School. It was organized by Sion Jaycees in co-operation with the editorial board of 'Soviet Nari', Moscow. The Sheriff of Bombay, Mr. Ram Batra was the chief guest.

Nine-year-old Avinash Arvind of Aryan School won the first prize and the Sion Jaycees trophy. From the senior group Madhavi Gokar of the Gokhale Education Society, bagged the first prize and the trophy.

Amongst the judges were Mrs. Kamini Kaushal, ex-president of the Children's Film Society, Mrs. Yash Kohli, editor, Chic, and artist Thakor Rane.

The Sociology Academy of the St. Xavier's College organised a symposium entitled 'Occupation: Professional and Housewife'. The

discussion centred around the challenges, difficulties and the sense of fulfilment experienced by the panelists in their dual roles of professional and housewife. The panelists were Dr. Neera Desai, Head of the sociology dept., SNDT University, and Hon. Dir. of its Research Unit of Women's Studies, Mrs. Nirupama Mankad, national tennis champion, filmstar Sharmila Tagore, and Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style.

The panelists faced many questions from an intelligent gathering of students and members of the Sociology Academy.

Prof. Nandini Sardesai introduced the panelists. The symposium was convened by Fr. Emil D'cruz, vice-principal.

The Kutch Economic Development Council, Bombay, organised a six-day exhibition of Kutchi arts and crafts "Kutch Kasab" at the Coomaraswamy Hall. A voluntary organisation, the Council is engaged in promoting the arts and crafts of this region and the economic upliftment of the artisans, particularly the minority community.

On display was a wide range of bedspreads and lungis in Ajrakh prints and batik, beautifully woven woollen carpets and shawls, lovely tie-and-dye sarees in delicate designs, silver articles in intricate workmanship, embroidered items and knives and nut crackers.

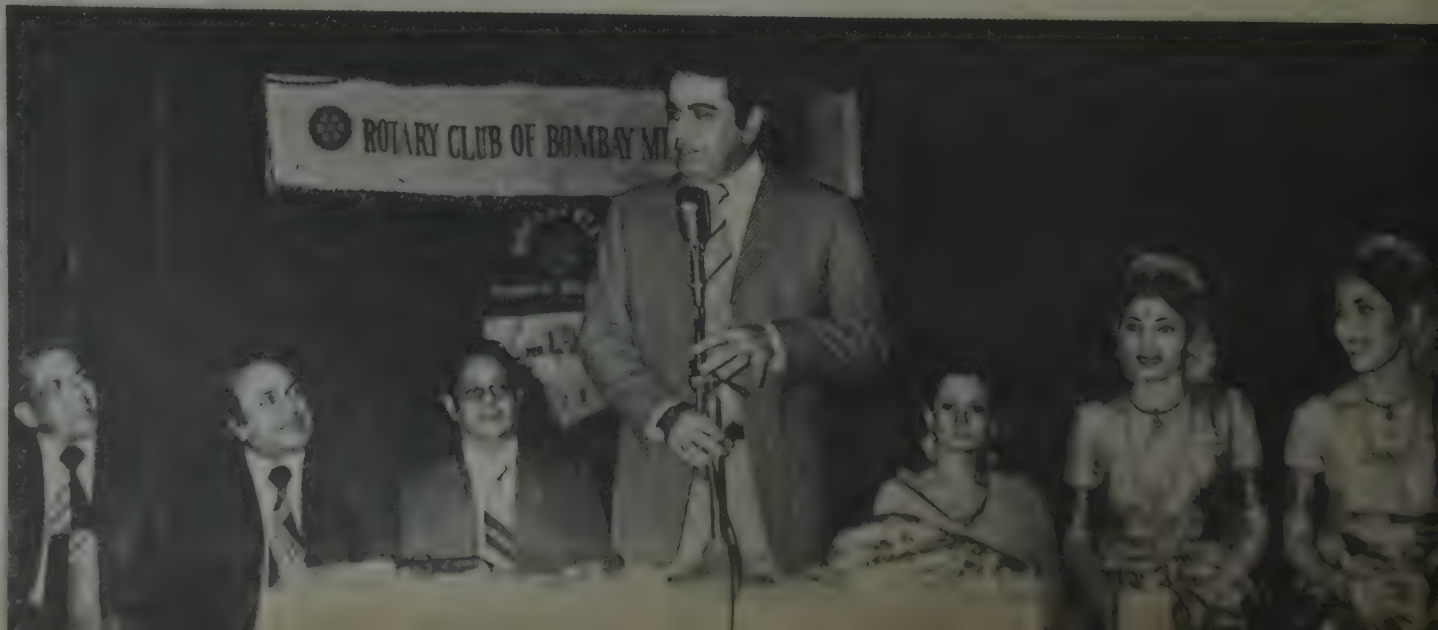


1. Sheikh Abdullah and Begum Abdullah launched Raj Roshan Films' maiden film 'Habba Khatoon' in Bombay. Seen with them are from left, producer Roshan Wadhera, director B. R. Chopra, Mrs. Lata Wadhera, music director Naushad, Mrs. Naushad and Mr. Kewal Kohli.



2. Mrs. Shanti Gupta, executive member, Council for Child Welfare and the Bombay Mothers' and Children's Association, distributing prizes at the annual day function of Kalina Education Society. Also seen is Lalitha Vasan, teacher, KES.

3. The Rotary Club of Bombay Midtown held a dance recital by the Shetty sisters, Smita and Sucharita, (at right), in aid of the Rotary Club Trust, at which filmstar Dilip Kumar was the chief guest. Here he is seen with, from left, Mr. Sadanand Shetty, the artistes' father and chairman, fund-raising committee, Rotary Club of B'bay Midtown, Mr. Gulshan Rai, Mr. Tyebjee, pres. and Saira Banu.



DELHI

Letha Brown said "One community's problems are our problems, despite the fact that an ocean may separate us."

The general body meeting of the Delhi Branch of the Federation of Women Lawyers strongly condemned and protested against the barbarous treatment — the virginity test — to which Indian women are subjected by British Immigration authorities. A copy of the protest resolution was sent to the British Government.

CALCUTTA

The International President of the Altrusa Club, Mrs. Letha Brown, was in Calcutta as part of her world tour. The Altrusa Club consists of women holding positions of responsibility in various professions united in the ideal of service.

MADRAS

A scintillating fashion show was organised at the Taj Coromandel Hotel, by the Leather Club and the Madras Leather Chamber. It was a fashion show with a difference, all the outfits being of leather, even sari motifs. The show was designed for the foreign market. The exotic fashion show was produced by Mrs. Shamsia Badsha, and the brilliant commentary was by Mr. Habibullah Badsha. The chief guest and chief judge was Mr. Andreas, Consul for the Federal Republic of Germany. The other judges were Mrs. Madhu Bhat and Mr. Hartwicks. A suede outfit manufactured and designed by A. Abdul Shukoor and Company was judged the best piece.

OOTACAMUND

Mr. K. Dharmarajan, District Collector, Nilgiris, inaugurated, and Mrs. Geetha Dharmarajan opened the 'Geetha Creche' sponsored by the International Children's Welfare Service (ICWS). Mr. Azariah, President of the I.C.W.S., welcomed the collector and his wife. In his inaugural address, Mr. Dharmarajan spoke of the purpose and significance of the creche. He pointed out that it was not possible for the Government alone to open all the creches required hence voluntary organisations also should start them. Mr. Bright, Principal, Kotagiri Public School, and his wife, Mrs. Vimala Bright, are the moving spirits behind 'Geetha Creche'.

BANGALORE

Mother Teresa inaugurated the General Assembly of the World Union of Catholic Women's Organisations (WUCWO) at a colourful function. Nearly 200 delegates from all parts of the world attended this assembly, which had as its theme 'Women — Justice — Evangelisation'.

Mrs. Sylvia Saldanha of Bangalore, president of the Conference of Catholic Women of India, welcomed the gathering. A special message from Pope John Paul II was read out.

Mother Teresa called upon women to lay the foundation for world peace through establishing a loving, happy home. She said every woman's motto during the IYC should be to make it "a beautiful year for our children, both born and unborn, so that no child feels unwanted, uncared or unloved."



4. Mr. G. V. Kapadia, Chairman, General Insurance Corporation of India (GIC), hands over the keys of the ambulance presented by the GIC for the St. John Ambulance Brigade's (JAB) Medical Centre, to Mr. T. P. Panthakey, Commissioner, JAB, Maharashtra District. Looking on are Dr. Salaskar and Mrs. Kapadia.

5. Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain, wife of Mr. Govind Narain, Governor of Karnataka, blesses Vanathi Gopalakrishnan at her ranga pravesham held in Bangalore.

6. Mr. Ahmed Zakaria, chairman, Ball Committee, Indian Council for Social Service (ICSS), presenting the award to Miss Sequira, winner of the 'Misty Queen' contest held by the ICSS in Bombay in aid of the dumb, deaf and blind.

7. Sushilla Vaswani (centre) seen with Laju Vaswani and Kamal Chopra at her exhibition called 'Sushilla's Creations' held in Bombay, inaugurated by Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style.



6 More pictures overleaf

7

PEOPLE AND EVENTS



Vyjayanthimala Bali receives the State Artiste's award from Tamil Nadu Chief Minister M. G. Ramachandran, at a function held in Madras. Miss P. Saraswathi, State Minister for Social Welfare, and Mr. Nedumchazhiyan, gen. sec. of the ADMK, are also seen.



ABOVE: The Altrusa Club's International President Letha Brown (centre) meets members of the Calcutta Chapter of the Club.

RIGHT: Governor of Gujarat Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee being garlanded after she inaugurated the Guru Krupa Kanya Chhatralaya (girls' hostel) to be run by Vikas Grih, a women's organization in Ahmedabad. Behind her is seen Mrs. Urmilaben Girdharbhai, president of Vikas Grih.



STATEMENT ABOUT OWNERSHIP AND OTHER PARTICULARS ABOUT NEWSPAPER EVE'S WEEKLY FORM IV (See Rule 8)

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Names & addresses of individuals who own the newspaper & partners or shareholders holding more than 1% of the total capital.

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I, J. C. Jain, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Dated : March 1, 1979

Signature of Publisher
Sd/- J. C. Jain

AN EMPHATIC 'NO' TO HINDI IN TAMIL NADU

"We'll never have Hindi in Tamil Nadu" — was the emphatic consensus of opinion when the question was asked of many people from different walks of life. While most of them agreed that the mother tongue was necessary up to a certain level it was not feasible in higher education. English is an international language and it is the language in which all advanced science and technology is made known. Therefore English means progress. And this progress will be hampered if English is dropped.

But then there are those who feel that we should have a national language. Doesn't Japan have it's own language? It is the intellectual, widely travelled ones who come forth with this view, because in their experience of travel abroad they are looked upon as freak when they don Indian clothes and speak English.

But unlike the Japanese, we have so many recognized languages. And if Hindi is to be chosen it might as well be any one of the languages. Politicians use this argument to substantiate their theory of unification.

Already people are balking at the usage of Hindi by the Railways and the P & T. They would like to use the language of the State, because many do not know Hindi and it cannot be forced on them.

At the educational level, it is argued that a two language formula should be observed. Those in favour of this suggest that translations should be made of all the scientific and technological books into the regional language, with most of the technical terms retained as they are. So many educational experiments are being made that the students are confused and do not know where they stand.

So this slogan "Banish English" does not hold much water. Some firm decision has to be taken and while no charge can be immediately affected, it may take time before these questions are resolved.

Susie Kuruvilla

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

THE JUBILEE KUMAR'S JUBILATION

The lights in the trees were sparse, so were the stars. The Raj Kapoor-Rajendra Kumar alliance over the engagement of Rima and Kumar Gaurav at Raj Kapoor's house was a cross between Raj's birthday party and Baishaki-di-mela. There were three distinct changes in the birthday party look. There were fewer stars, but Amitabh was there looking most unstarlike. The post-recovery shooting reveals strain — he looks pinched, shreddy, hair oily.

Then the Jumbo prawns were replaced by fried wanton and Mrs. Raj Kapoor wore a blush pink instead of white.



The party was divided into two. One half dominated by Kapoors and their regulars was cool, unruffled, circulating in chiffons and silky whispers. The other half was Bhangda bagpipers and the Rajendra Kumar family, which includes Mrs. O. P. Ralhan and Mrs. Ramesh Behl and Mirza Brothers dancing hysterically. They formed a ring around the couple and danced like **Shalimar's** barbaric native dance, too happy with the lootmar. The lootmar, that is Raj's daughter Rima, sat cool, framed in shell pink, diamonds and rubies. In the other room sleepy ladies ate, dozed and turn by turn guarded the mithai, dry-fruit and fruit baskets.



Next day was Rajendra Kumar's jubilation dinner, which, according to my caterer friend, was exactly like Raj Kapoor's complete with a dangling Amitabh except for the change of music. They had **Saturday Night Fever** (courtesy **Star & Style**. They had borrowed the cassettes from my colleague Bharathi). The champagne made the rounds only after Raj Kapoor's entry (11 p.m.) There was Zeenat Aman and Zarine Khan, who hugged each other and chattered.



The Rajendra Kumars had worked on the Rima-Bunty Love Story for years. In fact, Rajendra, after his entry into the R.K. Camp 16 years ago after **Sangam**, forgot to leave. He stayed on and on, till he took away the girl. For the Kapoors this match means no tension, less exhaustion.

The most comic comments came from Mrs. Rajendra — "Isse aur khushiki baat kya ho sakti hai" and "We had to have the engagement because press people were writing about them."

It was Mrs. Rajendra who bragged to the whole of Delhi, UP, Punjab, about the romance. As for the press-wallahs she is right. They got engaged because we wrote. They will not get married until we write more. All filmi romances, weddings and divorces are strictly to evoke us press gods and goddesses. Let there be a press strike and there will be no marriage in filmiland. They won't even remember who they are going around with, whom they are supposed to go around with and whom they are supposed to marry.



THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK MAR. 11 — MAR. 17

John Naylor

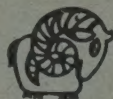
IF YOUR BIRTHDAY'S THIS WEEK:

You are entering a new phase in your life and should welcome adjustments, rather than try to fight them. It is likely that most spheres of your activities will be subject to major changes and that these will bring extra work and responsibilities for a time. Elderly people in your circle are likely to be something of a problem, more so if you can see something building up now. Watch what you do with your heart — and your money — in late 1979/early 1980. You will be impulsive during this period, perhaps generally discontented and you can work against your own eventual interests unless you are practical as well as cautious. There are plenty of chances to enjoy social relaxation and friendships — it will be up to you to make time for such activities.

ARIES

(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

You might find yourself the centre of attention this week. In any case, you'll be in the midst of all that is going on, might be asked to take a position of responsibility in a club or organization to which you belong.



LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

There may be some good aspects for love and carefree activities but you'll be short of time, concerned with more practical issues, probably. In any case, it is not a time to take anyone for granted and this will apply until mid-May.



TAURUS

(Apr. 21 — May 21)

You will get the chance, this week, to delegate work, to offload at least one boring task you have accepted for too long. Don't miss the opportunity, for life will be busy in a few weeks time and needing careful organization. Fresh interests, activities and friendships will be beneficial and will aid ambitions.



SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

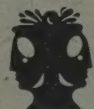
Romance should be ardent but if not, take the initiative yourself. Your stars are mainly helpful to your plans and activities and there is a strong accent, a vigorous one on love and the lighter side of life. It is a good week for making changes, also for sending in applications, arranging meetings.



GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

Everything is in an uptrend for you and this week brings a happy new phase for friendships and social life, this taking you happily along for some months. Should a romance have ended recently, another is on the way and you will get the chance to improve your set-up, generally.



SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

Lively stars affect social life and friendships and you will be cultivating fresh links. There might be some changes to do with people you are acquainted with. If unattached, a new romance can blossom and flourish over the next several weeks, perhaps through a shared hobby.



CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

There is luck in fresh faces and places, so keep on the move in this lively and amusing week, make the most of chances to get around and have fun. Romance will blossom in a social setting or while travelling. When buying personal items, be more adventurous.



CAPRICORN

(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

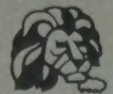
The Full Moon of the 13th, occulted by the Sun, could bring a sudden change or disturbing news. However, avoid hasty action, if so, and await further happenings. In any case, it is not a good day to travel or take decisions. Other than this, a good week for money, also for family relationships.



LEO

(July 24 — Aug. 23)

Over the next few months, an unusually fortunate trend appears in your affairs and should enable you to increase your status and prospects. However, for a week or two, tact and a lot of giving is needed as well as your Leo charm to keep things harmonious.



AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Your starry picture is optimistic and current trends are giving zing to your personality, adding a special glamour to your looks. New friends have a lot to offer, could put you on to something good, introduce you to useful people, new ideas. Watch expenditure.



VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

It could be a somewhat quarrelsome week — don't pander to an aggressive mood in yourself. On the other hand, try to avoid people in your circle who are themselves in the mood for a showdown. Streamline tasks both at work and at home; and you won't find the atmosphere relaxed for a few weeks yet.



PISCES

(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Mars that fiery and ardent planet, is in your sign until early April, giving you plenty of vitality and enthusiasm, an adventurous mood. Be sure to take full advantage of business opportunities.



Eve's Weekly - Quiz Contest - 20

HEGMAN

1. Who was the first woman to be appointed to the French Cabinet?
2. Who founded the Indian Socialist Party?
3. Mrinal Sen's Telugu film "Oka Oorie Katha" was based on which famous novelist's story?
4. July 4, 1826. Two former American Presidents died on the same day. Name them.
5. Who is believed to be the first Indian actor to be presented to the Queen of England?
6. Who was the only Indian journalist present at the 1978 World Soccer Cup in Argentina?
7. What is the metal plate, sometimes with a swivelling cover, fitted over a keyhole called?
8. Which country leads the rest of the world in foreign exchange reserves?
9. Who was the English physicist who coined the phrase "The Two Cultures"?
10. The four Shankaracharyas will meet for the first time in 156 years soon. Where?
11. Urgent trunk calls are twice as expensive as Ordinary trunk calls. How many times expensive are Lightning trunk calls?
12. Who was the first Indian ambassador to the USSR?

This is the twentieth of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series. Eve's Weekly offers a cash prize of Rs. 50.00 to the winner — i.e., the person whose all-correct solution is picked up first from among those received on or before the deadline. The deadline for Quiz Contest 20 is March 17, 1979.

There is no entry fee. Please mark 'Quiz Contest 20' on the outside of your envelopes.

The answers to Quiz 19 will appear in our issue of March 24. The answers to Quiz 20 will appear in our issue of April 7.

When whiteness glows look—it shows...



it's washed with

det

detergent cake



Swan is flying high

With the Swan Fashion Parade of beautiful fabrics – superb designs, joyous colours, exquisite textures. No wonder Swan sales have soared to even greater heights!

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Shirtings
Suitings
Dress Materials
Sarees
Georgettes



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